JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1946

3D EVERY THURSDAY

GREAT CHARTER FOR YOUTH By The EDITOR

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SPEED THE BIG THREE TALKS By A.G.G.

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REMEMBER This is the second week of Ration Period No. 3 (Sept. 26-Oct. 2)

DON'T FORGET to read Mrs. Mundy's Helping Hand. It's on the back of your packet of Oxydol.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 2, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

WEEK'S BEST

● Blinded in the fighting at Dunkirk, a boy was given a fresh start in life by St. Dunstan's.

Then he was robbed of his Braille typewriter, clothes and clothing coupons, and everything else he needed for his new career.

That is what we told you, briefly, in a recent issue. We could have added that he had lost not only his sight but a leg, and that his spirit was so fine that he wanted the War Office to let him get back to the Army.

Instead, we called our report the "Week's Worst" and left it at that. Now our readers have given us the Week's Best surprise.

So far, sums amounting to £32 17s. 6d.—and a parcel of "comforts"—have been sent either to our office or to St. Dunstan's.

Blind women have raised £2 by a whip-round. A London typist has remitted £1 on two successive paydays. Cheques for substantial amounts have mingled with the none-the-less welcome half-crowns from poor folk.

It means renewed hope for that blind lad. And it makes JOHN BULL all the prouder of its readers.

Straight from the Shoulder

BREAKING IN

WE are breaking into the Fortress of Europe through more than one keep; Southern Italy is not the only gate to yield to the battering-ram and to open new roads of attack.

From Sardinia and Corsica we could force our way into Northern Italy or the South of France—and the latter move should surely be a signal for simultaneous assault from the West.

Well Done, Serbs!

Look next to the other side of Italy, across the narrowest stretch of the Adriatic. There, nearly all the Dalmatian coast—including excellent ports—are now in Serb hands.

This may well be a pointer to another Allied operation.

Broken Chain

Moreover, Germany's "iron ring" round the Balkans has been snapped by our occupation of Greek islands, from which the R.A.F. is already operating.

By-passing Rhodes and out-flanking Crete, we are within sight of the Greek mainland.

SOS to Hungary

It is true that a substantial German force awaits us at Salonika. But one division there is being rushed northwards to Albania, and the Nazi strength is so taxed that demands are being made on Hungary for help in the defence of the Balkans.

The Hungarians, not being sheep, are unwilling to be led to the slaughterhouse.

Sack of Naples

As for the Italians, they are being given every inducement—by Hitler—to fight on our side.

The pillage of Naples, the rapine and mass murders of its inhabitants, the deliberate semi-starvation by which the horrors of cholera and typhoid were spread, have composed a mocking epitaph to the "German-Italian friendship" that Mussolini will try in vain to resuscitate.

Shadows Before

Naples and the evacuated cities of Russia alike give poignant warning of the misery that may engulf the Low Countries, France and Norway when the enemy is beaten back towards its bomb-pitted Fatherland.

The more desperate the Nazis become, the fouler is their savagery. Witness their new decrees to their own people!

Truth Will Out

"Believe in us or perish," is their slogan for Germans of every rank. But the growing toll of executions, the military disasters that cannot be disguised by the half-hearted communiqués of the German High Command, are emphasising the certainty of defeat throughout the Reich.

Harmless war jokes are now banned. Certainly the war must long since have ceased to be a source of elation even for a German black-market man.

Longer Front

Not Goebbels himself can hide the fact that the German front in Russia is now far longer than when Hitler began to "shorten" it.

To economise their failing man-power, indeed, the German armies would have to retreat to the Polish frontier.

Moscow Talks

But the post-war political situation, rather than military affairs, will be the chief topic of the Moscow conference this month.

Mr. Stalin has already been informed of our plan for attack in the West—an attack which, many back-bench M.P.s argue, should be launched before next year's Spring.

Voice of Eden

The Russian Press, of course, continues to stress that argument with greater vehemence. But Mr. Eden's candid counsel ("Confidence cannot be created by one side alone") should be pondered both in the Kremlin and Westminster.

They Must Meet

Above all, as A. G. Gardiner urges on page 8, the Moscow meeting must be followed by a conference of the Big Three themselves.

Both for the military planning of the war's end and the political proposals for the peace to follow, complete agreement MUST be reached between Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill.

It's Coming

On the authority of General Marshall, we can expect an early and enormous Allied offensive right across the world

One of the preparations, according to another commander, has been to "cover the face of India" with aerodromes.

And our first objectives in that part of the globe should be apparent before long.

Possibilities

Strategic possibilities cannot be entered into here for obvious reasons; but a glance at the map will show that they are many and varied.

Also it is well to remember that it should be possible in due course to strengthen our naval forces in that area now that the demands in the Mediterranean are lessening.

Springboard

Farther east, Japan's loss of bases in New Guinea (the world's worst battlefield) converts that vast island into an offensive springboard for further Allied operations.

Our next objective will probably be Rabaul—and when the Japanese are beaten there they must retreat to their next line of Pacific islands, a thousand miles nearer home.

Air Battles Ahead

Such a plan of campaign spells not only sea-power, but air-power, too.

Confidential reports show that the standard of Japan's aeroplanes is improving, though the fighting quality of her airmen is deteriorating.

She is making a fierce effort to increase aircraft production. But how this can be accomplished by asking the Japanese to eat less food is hard for Westerners to understand.

R.A.F.'s Big Stretch

What of the R.A.F.? Experts infer from Mr. Churchill's hope of "complete air domination next year" that the R.A.F. may now total some 35,000 to 40,000.

Anyhow, we have no need to quibble about a few thousands!

Good for the U.S.

The American air force based on Britain will certainly not be allowed to fall below its present strength.

Uncle Sam's air-power is also being concentrated in the Mediterranean and the Far East. And, in the opinion of the R.A.F. and others qualified to judge, it's doing a mighty fine job of work.

Keep It Up

Can all this vast accumulation of power be maintained? Undoubtedly. Can it be increased? The answer to that query should be no less emphatic.

The U.S.A. now has 63,500,000 people in the service of industry. So Uncle Sam is getting into his stride. No undue confidence in an early victory, we hope, will make him break his step.

Stop the Strikes!

As for ourselves, we are faced with growing labour troubles in the mines, shipbuilding and engineering.

Cripps's frankness should be imitated by other Supply Ministers. But if our workers are to toil still harder their just grievances must first be investigated.

Coal Rationing?

This is particularly necessary in regard to the miners. As their president, Will Lawther, has commented, you can't expect lads to volunteer for a slighted industry.

Even with more man-power, the coal shortage would remain serious. So serious that a rationing scheme is again under consideration.

New Ministry

Sir Samuel Hoare's surprisingly blunt speech—"we shan't have to worry about Communism if we set our own house in order"—may induce his fellow-Conservatives to look beyond their noses when mining and other reforms are discussed.

True, some post-war reforms are already in the making. Thus, we are likely soon to see the setting up of a new Ministry for Civil Aviation, with Captain Harold Balfour as its first chief.

JOHN BULL would prefer it to be a Ministry of Communications, founded on solid international agreements!

Slow Progress

Soon, too, we are likely to be assured that "progress can be reported" on the Beveridge, Uthwatt and Scott schemes.

But slow, slight progress! There is no sign yet that the Government has broken the circle of buck-passing.

Half-and-Half

So, we get an instalment of "Pay-as-You-Earn" income tax reform. We get an Education Bill that will not help the present generation of schoolchildren.

Of fundamental decisions on social insurance, agriculture, housing—not one! All we can hope is that the behind-the-scenes work on Reconstruction will be justified when at last the Government is forced to make up its mind!

(Continued overleaf)

"I HAVE LOST EVERYTHING"

"I really don't know how to thank you for the cheque; it will help to straighten things out a bit, but that won't bring her back, will it? You see, I have lost everything."

So writes Mr. W. H. Watson, of Hull, in acknowledging cheque paid to him by "John Bull" following the death of his wife as a result of a direct hit on his home by a high-explosive bomb.

"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (underwritten at LLOYD'S).

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

PARLIAMENT'S reassembly brought a healthy flood of questions — too many of them on the War Secretary's head for his comfort.

That was a good thing. Because, although the War Office is now probably the most reasonably run of the Service Departments, there have lately been too many disconcerting allegations of bullying by officers.

After the Facts

Rugby's Independent Member, W. J. Brown, is doing fine work when he tries to get the facts. It's a pity Parliamentary procedure sometimes helps Ministers to hide them.

The case of the soldier who in winter time was kept in an unheated and unlit cell for eight weeks was not dealt with as openly as it should have been.

Silly Excuse

War Secretary Sir James Grigg gave the ridiculous explanation that he couldn't easily go into individual questions of Army discipline.

The best we can say for him is that he seemed ashamed when he had to admit that one of the officers responsible was reprimanded and another told he'd incurred the Army Council's displeasure.

"Are We Included?"

Another question that must be answered is pointedly put by a Lanarkshire reader. "Does the Ministry of Labour include my district in the appeal for miners?" he asks.

He's a coal-getter

"There are thousands of miners here who're working in other jobs. In the last ten years I know of sixteen collieries that have been closed down within three miles of where I live. Pits that are working have been unable to absorb all the men—so they've gone into factories." Who could blame them?

This hasn't happened only in Lanarkshire. Some of the Government energy used to get untrained recruits should be turned to organising the recall of trained underground workers. If it were, we'd have a bit more respect for Mr. Bevin's National Service dictators.

Hitting at Delay

To go back to Parliament for a moment. . . . In the Upper House (home of excellent debates these days) there's been some plain speaking.

It was grand to hear Lord Latham lashing the Government for the consistent delay in announcing its town-planning proposals.

Unkept Promises

Grand, too, to hear him point out (in a reference to the legislation ready almost two years ago) that two promissory notes drawn by Lord Reith and Lord Portal on behalf of the Government had on presentation come back marked "No intentions—at least at present."

Getting Cynical

Lord Latham was right when he said the people were growing cynical about Government intentions.

It's to be hoped he wasn't right in hinting that concealed interests are holding things up. But we fear he was.

Learning Late

The reader we told you about recently who had seven separate and identical forms to fill in about his firewatching, and who sent off medical certificates time and again without effect, has now had the result of his appeal.

It was dismissed. He has to firewatch. *But only on his own premises.* To make sure he does this efficiently he has been instructed to go to a lecture about the use and care of a stirrup pump. Before he became unfit he had four years as a fully trained member of the A.F.S. and then the N.F.S.

Second Course

At a Welsh fire station there's an N.F.S. man who has had fifteen years' driving experience on lorries up to five tons.

He has just been sent on a course to learn how to drive a motor vehicle.

Oh dear, Mr. Morrison.

Tempting?

Mrs. Winifred Smethurst's Holiday and Travel Bureau, of High Street, Gillingham, Kent, has been advertising some tempting trips for Christmas and the New Year.

All arrangements are made for celebrations and gala dances at select hotels and there are plenty of places to choose from involving both "short and long journeys."

War workers are specially invited to book. Ought they to be? Ought anyone to be so encouraged when the bloodiest portion of this war still lies ahead?

"Irrelevant"

Mr. Churchill's warning phrase will no doubt have left the Rev. Glyndwr Richards unimpressed. At a meeting of the Aberdare Free Church Council the other day he described the Battle of Britain as "irrelevant to the work of the Christian Church and to the Evangelical Churches."

Irrelevant indeed. If our pilots had lost the Battle of Britain the Nazis in our land would have shown quickly enough that Mr. Richards' beliefs were irrelevant to the wishes of the Fuehrer.

Cheated

JOHN BULL goes out to so many men in the Middle East that it's well worth while passing on the experience of a Hove wife.

Last April her husband, on leave in Cairo, wrote to say he'd bought her three pairs of pure silk stockings. He'd paid 12s. 6d. a pair and arranged with the shopkeeper to send them on.

They arrived the other week, nicely packed. But they turned out to be the cheapest quality rayon, worth about 2s. a pair over here.

Good Work

Scouts at one of their Association's permanent camp sites have planted 1,000 trees, got 1,200 more in the nursery lines and 11,000 in the seed beds.

A fine war effort—all the finer because it was done despite official hindrance. Hindrance as stupid as we've heard of for some time.

Not Prepared

No sooner had the nursery been first fenced, turfed and autumn sown than the field came under ploughing orders.

The nursery was moved, more than 1,000 trees planted. Then the second field was also ordered to be ploughed.

Boy scouts couldn't have been prepared for compulsory waste of work on that scale.

Sown in Error

And what about this? A large stretch of pasture in the Home Counties was ploughed up by order, sown with what was supposed to be wheat.

Instead, a crop of mixed seed appeared. Bad enough. But instead of letting the local poultry and pig keepers have the stuff for feeding the crop was burnt.

The land was reploughed, sown with potatoes. There was a fine crop. But, perhaps because labour couldn't be obtained, the whole lot has been allowed to rot.

Name Put Down

Here's another case of wasted effort—as bad in its way.

A thirty-three-year-old Bridport reader was put in Grade III at his medical three years ago. Turned down for the Army, he asked to be given a munitions job and had his name put down at the Employment Exchange.

Don't Bother

It's been down ever since. When he's called he's been told: "Don't bother. We've got thousands of others to deal with."

Of course they have—and many of them will be the middle-aged married women. Women who ought to be certain every able man is at his war job before they are wrenched away from vital home duties.

● **Little girls at a school were asked the other day to bring pennies for a collection to buy "comforts" for the Eighth Army. Some of the children had nothing to bring.**

They were stood in front of the class and asked if they cared for anyone in the Services.

They cared all right. The father of one little girl has been in the Middle East for more than a year. Her mother, having to go out to work to make ends meet, could not get home at dinner-time. A fourteen-year-old daughter prepared the meal. But she could not provide coppers for the school collection.

We think fathers and brothers in the Eighth Army would rather go without their "comforts" than have any child put into a state of wounded misery by such blundering school "teaching."

Three Years' Wait

Well, we'll tell them of one more man who's both able and willing to take a job. He's a master builder who also happens to be a surveyor. A useful man, you'd think, to supervise some war building job.

He thought so, too—and volunteered three years ago. For two and a half years he filled up a form each week. This week he spent two whole days interviewing Ministry of Labour officials.

Nothing Doing

He might have saved his time and patience. The answer is always "Nothing doing." And so he's condemned to idleness—while inexperienced people are given the jobs for which he is qualified.

A Mother's Tragedy

Disturbing as these cases of wasted manpower are, they are not so shocking as instances where human life is lost through red tape.

Clean milk will keep her fit

When the time came for a Scottish mother to wean her baby not long ago she applied to the local Food Control for permission to transfer her milk order from a farm to a dairy. She wanted her child to have tuberculin-tested milk. Permission was refused and, at the age of thirteen and a half months, the baby died from meningitis due to bovine T.B.

For the first twelve months of its life the child was exceptionally healthy—until the bad farm milk had its effect.

Chance to be Fit

And so a mother has been desolated—because the food officials and the experts at the Ministry of Health have not yet determined that all young children must have clean milk, milk that will give them a chance to grow up fit and happy.

Tailpiece

The old Welsh farmer was sitting in his favourite corner of the pub when a JOHN BULL man, trying to start a conversation, asked him: "Have you got any of these Land Girls?"

"Indeed, I have," said the farmer. "Good 'uns. Two of my own make." Our colleague gave it up.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● Nazi H.Q. for Italy and South-East Europe has been established far in the rear of the actual fighting fronts. It is now at Villach, in Austria, and Hitler may move in soon.

● **Old quarrel between Rommel and Kesselring is worrying Nazi High Command. Fears exist that Rommel may not be prepared to reinforce from his North Italian units Kesselring's hard-pressed divisions in the south.**

● *Number of executions in Germany has mounted fearfully since Himmler was appointed Minister of the Interior. No day passes without at least two being publicly announced in the Nazi Press.*

● General Dietl, Commander of Nazi troops in Finland, has seen Hitler and demanded to be allowed to withdraw his troops. Allied stroke at Norway would completely isolate them and leave them at the mercy of Russia and Finns.

● **Demand on Todt Labour Organisation for building of inland defences and repair of bomb damage is so great that boys of fifteen from occupied countries will now be recruited.**

● *Nazi soldiers in Poland are selling arms to patriots not only for money but for assurance that they will be spared when liberation comes to the Polish people. Nazi officials, likewise, are "buying" good-conduct certificates from inhabitants whom they are doing favours.*

● Morale of occupation administration of both the Wehrmacht and the Nazi Party throughout Europe is reaching new low level. Fear dominates the men in charge.

CHARTER FOR YOUTH

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
★
By THE EDITOR

IF the war has taught us nothing else it should at least have taught us to set a higher value upon our young people.

Much has been asked of them in this time of crisis, and they have not failed us. We must not fail them in the days to come.

To recognise a debt is not enough. The important thing is to find ways to discharge it in full.

JOHN BULL welcomes "The Youth Service Report," issued by the Youth Advisory Council, as a notable advance towards this end.

For here is an honest examination of the nation's duty to the rising generation, its failure to meet that duty in the past, and its opportunity to do so when peace returns.

We have made the point again and again that growing lads and lasses need guidance and opportunity *without regimentation.*

Under war conditions some measure of compulsion is unavoidable, but in normal times we should fight any attempt, even by the State, to dragoon the young. We want no Hitler Youth Movement here!

The Youth Advisory Council takes the same view, and we particularly commend its opposition to compulsion in regard to young people's "leisure activities."

The Report says that boys and girls must be offered "the widest possible variety of freely chosen occupation" in their spare time, "unless we wish to rear a race incapable of exercising its freedom, always awaiting orders from some higher authority."

Obviously some young people will choose badly. But "our aim must be to improve the conditions in which the choice has to be made, not to take away the power of choice by introducing compulsion into leisure."

Here we get to the root of the problem of youth—the improvement of the conditions under which it grows to maturity.

The truth is, as the Report frankly admits, that "thousands of young people have to live in surroundings which make it almost impossible for them to grow up into decent citizens."

And it adds, in words which might have been taken from JOHN BULL, that "until these physical conditions are radically changed, much of what is done for young people can be no more than tinkering"!

In other words, slum clearance and an immense rehousing programme must form part and parcel of the national campaign to give every boy and girl a fair start in life.

But the home is no less important than the house. The State cannot make parents wise and good, but it can and should recognise "the importance of the family as the first and most natural community to which every child belongs."

Hence the clamant need for Family Allowances, and hence, too, the Report's wise recommendation that "the raising of the school-leaving age be accompanied by the provision of maintenance grants or allowances."

THE Youth Advisory Council is in favour of raising the leaving age to sixteen as soon as conditions permit—and of bringing every boy and girl under some measure of educational supervision through attendance at day continuation schools up to the age of eighteen.

Clearly, this urgently needed reform would come as a heavy tax upon parents in the lower income groups *unless* adequate grants go with it. The State must not shirk the burden.

Throughout the Council's simply worded and admirably clear Report the insistence on individual liberty is most marked.

The members of the Council, representing every branch of the State and voluntary organisation, are rightly concerned as much for the moral as the physical well-being of our young people.

But, while they see the need for providing "religious opportunities," they also realise that, "when democracy is being defended by young men and women of many faiths . . . the rights of minority opinion must be scrupulously safeguarded."

Every impartial citizen will agree. It is vitally important that teachers and leaders of youth movements should be able to give moral guidance, but still more important that they should practise the religion which they preach.

Mr. Harold Jackson, of Sheffield, speaking at the annual meeting of the Association of Education Committees in London the other day, could see no reason why the teaching profession "should not be raised to a status equal with that of medicine and law."

Nor can we.

Here, again, the State will have to intervene. It will have to pay the teachers better, insist upon higher qualifications, demand that qualified men and women keep up to date through refresher courses, and, above all, see to it that their classrooms are comfortable and their classes of manageable size.

It is not possible for any teacher to give individual attention to forty or fifty young people at the same time. But we have been asking the impossible of many teachers ever since education became compulsory.

It is part of our duty to youth never to ask the impossible again!

Perhaps there is no fixed period of years in a child's life to which special importance can be attached, for all growth is gradual and continuous, but under existing conditions a great many boys and girls are launched into the workaday world at fourteen.

For the time being, therefore, they do need special care from this age until they are eighteen, and JOHN BULL shares the Council's anxiety lest they should be overworked.

It recommends that the total hours of work of any boy or girl be restricted, during war time, to a maximum of forty-four hours a week for those under sixteen, and to forty-eight hours a week for those between sixteen and eighteen.

WHEN the war ends, it suggests, these hours should be restricted to a maximum of forty-four hours a week inclusive of part-time school, and, furthermore, every youngster should be given a minimum annual holiday of twenty-four working days with pay.

Enlightened employers will be glad to fall into line with this suggestion; the others should be forced to do so. They will get an ample return for money in the better health and keener work of their youthful employees. Moreover, the Council supports our suggestion for the transformation after the war of suitable military camps into holiday centres.

To-day, the Pre-Service Training Organisations—cadet corps of one kind and another for boys and the National Association of Training Corps for girls—have a special claim upon the young people's spare time.

Wisely, the Council urges that when peace returns all cadet movements should be expanded to include this broadly educational and recreative work.

JOHN BULL also shares the majority opinion of the Council that control and financing of pre-Service organisations should be taken over by the Board of Education and local education authorities—acting, of course, in close collaboration with the Service Departments. Many other excellent recommendations are embodied in this Report. Among other things, the Youth Advisory Council stresses the importance of maintaining all the splendid voluntary organisations and strengthening them financially from public funds where necessary.

Nobody can question the desirability for providing more numerous and better communal centres for youth and the provision, *under a national plan*, of "facilities in town and country for educational, social and physical recreation."

But no such national plan can be put into effective operation unless and until the State makes up its mind to use the land of this country for the benefit of the community as a whole and to put through its building programme on the same principle.

This new and noble Charter for Youth must not be left in a pigeon-hole.

The call of the young is for action before they grow too old to benefit from it. To keep them waiting is to cheat them of their due.

Eighth Army's 25-Pounder Daily News

GERMAN troops, fighting a rearguard action, were crouched behind barricades on the outskirts of an Italian town.

Among the hills across the valley were the 25-pounders of the Eighth Army, and they were pumping shells into the German positions with wicked accuracy.

There was a momentary pause in the rhythm of the firing, while two guns barked separately. The whistle of approaching shells caused the defenders to duck; then the first one burst 300 ft. above their heads.

The second shell burst over the centre of the town.

★ ★ ★

Peering upwards, the astonished soldiers in field grey uniform saw what appeared to be the beginning of a snowstorm.

Then they realised that it was raining leaflets!

Some of the men picked up the scraps of paper and, finding that they were printed in German, began curiously to read them. That was how they learned, for the first time, about the Russian steamroller advance in the Ukraine and Donetz areas.

Meanwhile, other leaflets were falling over the town from the second shell. But these were printed in Italian, for they carried a different message—a message to the civilian population telling them how best to sabotage the German retreat, and outlining the most effective methods of helping the Allied armies advancing to liberate them.

The famous British 25-pounders of the Eighth Army, which did so much towards smashing Rommel's lines at Alamein, are now firing propaganda shells as well as the more explosive variety!

The shells are a product of the Eighth Army's Psychological Warfare Branch.

Leaflets, printed on both sides of a single sheet of paper, are packed in roll form into the shell cases. Each shell holds two rolls, and is so designed that on exploding at about 300 ft. above its objective it scatters 400 leaflets over a wide area.

Printed in whatever happens to be the language in use in the area concerned, the leaflets are bang up-to-the-minute weapons.

Don't run away with the idea that they are written in Whitehall and printed over here.

They are written by on-the-spot psychological experts in the battle area, and are printed just behind the lines on a mobile printing press which travels with the Army.

★ ★ ★

Sometimes the best propaganda is straight late news, and many German troops who have survived heavy fighting are getting a new variety of shell-shock from a daily 25-pounder news service outlining the defeats of the Fatherland on other fronts.

And there are occasions when the leaflets contain cleverly worded propaganda messages which destroy the morale of the troops and swing civilians into an appreciation of the merits of an Allied occupation of their country.

PATRICK SPENCER.

Admiral Sir W. E. GOODENOUGH, G.C.B., Parson's Pightle, Coulsdon, Surrey

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Your concern about the future of the personnel, both officers and men, of the Merchant Navy is one which I share; and your fear that a comprehensive plan outlined by the Merchant Navy Training Board may be treated by the Ministry concerned as a pious resolution is not, apparently, without foundation.

For years before the war officers and men sought berths—any berths—in vain, while stout ships were laid up in long lines in estuaries and harbours. Nobody seemed to care a rap for their sufferings. They were just paying the price of economic muddle and lack of planning.

To-day those same officers and men—many of them, alas, victims of the U-boat war—are regarded as heroes. But for them Britain would have starved; and the world to-day would be under Hitler's domination.

The sea-lanes to Britain were kept open by the courage and endurance of these men. Mr. Churchill, in his last grand review of the war, revealed that losses in the Merchant Navy have been in even greater proportion than those of the Royal Navy.

"We never call on them in vain," said the Prime Minister, in the full confidence that until the final dramatic victory is gained, our Mercantile Marine will continue to play its great part in assuring that victory.

Admiral Sir W. E. Goodenough, G.C.B.

But the time will come, indeed has come now, when the Merchant Navy, in its turn, calls on the State to rationalise the whole of our shipping industry. It cannot be said that they in the past have never called in vain for reforms; nor, despite their glorious record of recent years, can it be assumed that this present call will not be in vain.

Nothing less than an all-embracing Charter for Seamen will meet the case. Pay and conditions of service should be guaranteed by the State. Work, too, must be provided. Other badly needed reforms are yearly holidays with pay, guaranteed State pensions, and no interference with personal liberty.

As you point out, all other industries in Britain depend on an efficient, strong and *planned* Mercantile Marine. We cannot have that until the officers and men get that just reward of their magnificent labours—good conditions, good pay, and, above all, security against unemployment and poverty-shadowed old age.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. CLARK H. MINOR, President, British War Relief Society, U.S.A.

DEAR MR. MINOR,—Your name belies you, for you have done great things in the last four years. The generous American public has contributed to your Society more than £6,500,000. Last year alone you shipped to Britain 7,900 tons of sorely needed material; and now you announce on your arrival here that the Society has decided to give £30,000 to a Sussex hospital which specialises in facial plastic surgery.

I hope when you survey in this country the distribution of the material supplied by all those Americans, rich and poor, who came to our aid that you find true expression of the gratitude that lives in British hearts for your splendid work.

In our dark days in this island, U.S. sympathy was appreciated. But practical help such as you organised was the real symbol of American feeling. For that you have the deep-felt thanks of JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. CROWTHER, Director, Science Dept., British Council

DEAR SIR,—While I agree with your statement that "scientific knowledge, now so fateful for mankind, is becoming the key to the future of humanity," I cannot help feeling that the real future of man is to be found in the heart of man himself.

The greatest, bloodiest war in history was necessary before Science advanced on common ground, and in wide co-operation, to ensure the destruction of man and his works.

Science cannot be blamed for that. The pooling of the scientific brains and resources of this country is helping a great deal to smash Hitler.

But man, to ensure a future of peace, of happiness, and of freedom, must harness Science in the cause of civilised progress. And all the inventive genius and brilliant research of all scientists the world over must be directed to this end in post-war years. Man must reassert himself and be the master, not the victim, of scientific evolution.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM MARSHALL, President, Scottish Association of Insurance Committees

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—With many doctors in the Fighting Services, the strain on Britain's depleted medical services has become severe.

But doctors who work so hard to keep the home front health up to its present high standard have other burdens to bear—one of them, as you recently revealed, being additional duties imposed on them by Government demands under the Essential Work Order.

Red tape is cluttering up the surgery. Demand for medical certificates for this, that and the other is so great that many doctors to meet that demand have to waste many hours which should be devoted to treatment.

I'm not surprised that medical men resent this bureaucratic intrusion on their valuable time. Perhaps that's one reason why the British Medical Association has voted so strongly against a State Medical Service.—JOHN BULL.

Most Rev. Dr. CYRIL GARBETT, Archbishop of York

DEAR DR. GARBETT,—Of all the "Missions to Moscow," yours must rank as one of first importance. It is a stirring counterblast to German propaganda about the "Godless Bolsheviks" and the "Red enemies of Religion"; and it is proof that our Church is awakening at last from its long, intolerant sleep.

You, as the first Primate of England to appear in a Russian church since the end of the Tsarist régime, prayed with the Patriarch, Sergius, to a Supreme Being in whom you both believe.

But the real symbol of your joint worship was not in the pomp and pageantry in Moscow Cathedral; it was in the gladness of Christians and people of Faith the world over that the forces of religion are joining together to improve the lot of Mankind.—JOHN BULL.

The DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, Arundel Castle, Sussex

YOUR GRACE,—The picture of you in overalls, running off to your part-time job as a boat-builder's labourer, pleased me. For the last picture I remember of you was when you carried Queen Elizabeth's canopy at the Coronation.

To-day, duchesses and dustmen's daughters are in the same boat, pulling their weight for victory. Freedom in cottage or castle is equally valued; and you have been wise enough to realise that—and to work for it.—JOHN BULL.

WHERE BATTLES BEGIN

WHEN the Fleet sails in to bombard Italy, each broadside from a battleship fires as much metal as goes into the making of three 2-ton lorries, plus the cordite obtained from 10½ tons of bones.

Each shell fired from the 2-pdr. gun in a tank means the loss of steel equal in weight to a 10-in. bucket. Cordite for the firing charge might have been made from 7½ lb. of bones.

So our fighting men need all you can send to the salvage van!

WHEN LEISURE IS A CURSE

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

"LEISURE, if purposeless, is the most damnable curse of the day," declares Sir Robert Wood, Deputy Secretary of the Board of Education. (I thought Hitler was *the* curse, but we'll let that pass.)

★ ★ ★

Now what is leisure? The Oxford dictionary defines it as "Freedom or opportunity to do something" or "a spell of free time." Bertrand Russell described the ability to fill leisure intelligently as the last product of civilisation.

Thomas Hobbes called leisure the mother of philosophy; and H. D. Thoreau wrote: "He enjoys true leisure who has time to improve his soul's estate."

All incredibly fine . . . a portrait of man, the higher being, concerned about the betterment of his mind, his soul, his spirit.

But when I think of leisure I quote to myself Davies's couplet:

"A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare,"

for to me leisure's supreme art is to seek mental solace and solitude.

I don't mean pondering the theses of the great philosophers; nor reading "improving" books; nor worrying about the imperishability of the world soul.

★ ★ ★

I just mean mental relaxation, according to the mood of the mind. A stroll over the Downs, communion with wind and sky and heath, may be termed purposeless. Yet it is far from purposeless if one returns rested in mind and relaxed in body.

There is no purpose in sitting in a deck chair in the garden and idly denying the whisper of conscience telling you that the onion bed needs hoeing or that the Spring cabbages have yet to be planted out.

★ ★ ★

Yet it is good for the mind to rest while the influence of the garden brings a deep sense of calm and beauty.

There *is* purpose in the man who spends his leisure in a club or pub: and purpose in the woman who spends her leisure playing bridge and exchanging "catty" talk. Whether either purpose is beneficial I leave you to decide.

Leisure is freedom—to do nothing or do something. Its very basis is liberty. Without freedom, leisure is a farce, and the man or woman who *must* do something in times of leisure is merely a slave to a stupid and conventional conscience.

In brief, Sir Robert, leisure is a curse only when it becomes a taskmaster.

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Who said the Army Hasn't a Heart?

● THERE ISN'T MUCH ROOM FOR SENTIMENT IN MODERN WARFARE. BUT THE ARMY KNOWS THAT A WORRIED SOLDIER IS A WASTED SOLDIER. SO, IF THERE ARE STRONG ENOUGH REASONS FOR HIS ANXIETY, HE IS BROUGHT HOME ON COMPASSIONATE LEAVE—PERHAPS FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH. HOW IT'S DONE IS DESCRIBED—

By MAURICE FAGENCE

DID you read how General Montgomery put on the next 'plane for England a private soldier he happened to speak to and who was obviously worrying about his long absence from his family?

You'd make a big mistake if you assumed it was from sentimental motives.

If a general made a practice of sending home every man whom he'd like to see reunited with his family he'd have no soldiers left to fight with.

A Wasted Soldier

No. Montgomery sent that man home because he realises that a worried soldier is a wasted soldier.

And that is the knowledge that animates two War Office departments which I have visited recently.

One exists to determine whether a man shall be brought home from some foreign theatre of war to ease an anxiety that is wearing him out.

If I were permitted to tell you how many it has recommended for return you would be astonished.

The other deals with men who are already in this country. It can offer them temporary "compassionate release," which is really release for as long as it lasts.

That specific period may be as low as two months—it is rarely less.

Yet, again, if you knew how many men it is all the time releasing on compassionate grounds you'd never regard the War Office as the least bit hard-hearted in its approach to soldiers' problems.

Certainly it isn't rank-conscious.

It was proved to me beyond doubt that rank isn't taken into account in deciding a soldier's case. Whether he is a major, a sergeant-major or a private doesn't matter.

Nor do the military authorities take the view that a man can't be sent back to Britain or released from home service because of indispensability.

That would mean refusing relief from mental hell to a soldier fighting in Italy who couldn't easily be replaced, yet returning from Cairo, for much lighter reasons, a man far from invaluable.

The first essential is to relieve the soldier's worry

And although I cannot describe you actual individual worries of men serving abroad—the Army rightly regards them as strictly private matters—I am permitted to set them out generally.

Welcome News

We needn't waste words about long-absent men.

I have a bit of good news for their families! Those who have been more than six years abroad are already arriving in a steady flow, and then the chance of men who have served more than five years abroad will come.

That said, nothing will bring a man back to Britain quicker than the news that his children are being neglected.

Inquiries are made, of course. And if matters can be put right without the presence of the father that course is followed.

If not, the man is brought home to make his own arrangements for their welfare.

Some men, hearing stories of their wives' unfaithfulness, immediately conclude that the children are having a terrible time.

Investigations are at once made on their behalf, any necessary steps are taken, and the fathers are given the full facts.

It is perhaps a curious commentary on human nature that most of these women are found to be treating their children excellently.

Men are not allowed to rush home to institute divorce proceedings.

Indeed, the majority of soldiers who have been crushed by such news from home do not want to.

Particularly where they get letters from their wives pleading for forgiveness, they ask whether they can be allowed home to become reconciled.

Too often the lad's relatives get at him before his wife can do so. They rant about the family honour.

Perhaps he has returned home looking on his wife and himself as just two more tragic victims of war. But he is led away to a solicitor, and the divorce machinery turns into motion.

Help or Cure

The stacks of dossiers I saw show that in solitary-lapse cases there is a far greater chance of reconciliation where the man remains with his unit.

Then a soldier is not automatically sent home because a loved one is gravely ill.

It would be impossible to bring them all home, so the authorities go very cfrefully into the circumstances of each case.

They bear in mind that children fluctuate violently—that they can be very ill one day and well the next.

As to older people, they ask: "What good would the man's presence do?"

I can say little more than that a man has his best chance of getting back to Britain when his presence can effect or help a cure, or where a person's reason is at stake and the arrival of a son or husband might save it.

Most of the applications come not from the men but from relatives, sometimes for very small reasons.

No need to ask if he's glad to be back!

They fail to bear in mind that it may take six months to bring a man from India by sea, four months from the Middle East, and that the journeys are not altogether without risk.

And they forget what many of the men bear in mind, that coming home means a break from the old unit, old pals, and officers who understand them, and that it doesn't mean discharge from the Army, anyhow.

For that reason many men—even men who have been abroad more than six years—have refused to be sent home.

I am aware that I have concentrated more on reasons that will *not* get a man home rather than those that will.

That is because success depends often on surrounding circumstances that I cannot go into here.

The fact is, however, that big numbers of men do get home.

As to release for a specified period for men on home service, the War Office will go to any lengths to release a man when once it is satisfied that a good case has been made out.

For instance, quite recently a man was snapped off an ocean liner as it was steaming down river at the start of its journey to a war front.

This before it had been decided to give him release—when nothing more had been decided than that his case merited examination.

Men can be released for a specified period (usually two or three months) to arrange for the managing of a family business.

Extensions are often granted.

By far the biggest number of releases, however, is to permit a man to arrange for the care of his wife or children.

If there are relatives who can take over this duty the man is not released—but the War Office has humanly decided that a hostile relative is no relative at all.

I saw the functioning of these two departments.

It is obvious that the War Office has decided to go as far as it possibly can in removing anxiety from the mind of its soldiers—all soldiers equally, whatever their rank or their job.

And it is sound common-sense, for you can't fight battles with a load of worries ten times heavier than your pack.

There's Buried Treasure in this War, too!

UP river in the Naga country the devil-drums were beating—the sombre tattoo telling of the approach of a strange column headed by two white women.

And as they passed into the head-hunting hinterland of the Burma jungle, Mrs. Mitchell and her young daughter, Joyce, felt rather than saw the fiendish faces that peered through the leaves, felt rather than heard the quick patter of feet.

★ ★ ★

At night a young Liverpool sergeant of the Royal Marines stood guard close at hand with a tommy-gun. When the first parrot-screeches signalled the dawn, the column pushed on, heavy-laden with more than 5,000 sacks of coin—eleven million rupees in silver.

It represented the entire treasury of the district commissioner.

They had begun the journey up-river in motor-boats. The Jap 'planes swooped low over the misty waters and machine-gunned the craft.

The Jap forces were never less than forty miles behind. After a time, Mrs. Mitchell had to abandon the boats—and the trek went on.

For miles on end, merely to give the coolies a rest, they trudged beside their chair litters.

They successfully concealed the silver specie where no greedy Jap will ever find it.

And that is only one of the buried treasure odysseys of the war.

Meet gallant, ebony-coloured Kelmandi, a young native working for Solomon Islands Gold Exploration, Ltd. His company hold prospector's rights over a sweeping area of 760 square miles.

Kelmandi knew where the gold was to be found. Costly mining gear had been brought to the scene.

But, to give the enemy no clue, Kelmandi took it on himself to tunnel into a solid cliff face and there conceal and bury all the gear and machines.

The goldfield was swiftly restored to its previous wild-looking state. Within a few weeks, even days, the creeping plants of the jungle did the rest.

The Jap armies pushed on over the terrain, oblivious of the riches beneath their feet.

★ ★ ★

A treasure hunt of the first water is still raging in the mudflats of the North Australia coast, its object a great part of the £300,000 "Dutch diamonds" rushed out of Java.

All Captain Smirnoff, a White Russian pilot of the Royal Dutch Air Force, knew was that the packet consigned to him contained something of high value to be sent to the Dutch authorities.

Hardly had he sighted the Australian coast than a pack of Zeros attacked his 'plane. Bullets struck through his thighs and arms. His mechanic had a knee-cap shot away.

★ ★ ★

Smirnoff and his 'plane tumbled into the sea. They all managed to reach the beach—but the packet had vanished.

Smirnoff imagined that it had floated with the tide out of an open door. And what value are diamonds against human life? The Royal Dutch pilot had his work cut out rescuing his passengers, and he was on the verge of exhaustion when patrolmen found him.

But weeks later a bedraggled beachcomber walked into a police patrol station—with a sodden parcel full of diamonds.

He had found it in the mud near the 'plane wreckage. But it contained only a part of the Dutch consignment.

Where are the rest? Sinking slowly into the mud and sand of a desolate beach? Or stolen and hidden away by the aborigines? The mystery has set all Australia guessing, and it's just one of the buried treasure incidents brought about by the war.

MARK PRIESTLEY.

Speed the Big Three

Tall

★ News from the battlefields gathers momentum: it becomes increasingly urgent that the Big Three should meet to discuss the coming peace. Its success or failure in Europe depends on the closest collaboration between the Prime Minister, the President, and Marshal Stalin

By A. G. GARDINER

THE agony of Europe is moving to its climax, and the prayer in all hearts is that it may be swift as it will be final. We shall be spared nothing of its horrors by caution.

In the last war there were forces in Germany that could compel surrender in order to save the State. There are no such forces to-day.

Germany is in the grip of a gang of desperadoes who, having nothing to hope for, will drag Germany to destruction with themselves. After them, the deluge.

In the face of this fact, speed is the imperious necessity. We have got the enemy on the run. We are rounding them up from every quarter of the compass. We are masters of the sea. We are masters of the air. We are masters on land.

* * *

It may be true, as President Roosevelt said in his Message to Congress the other day, that "we are a long, long way from ultimate victory in any major theatre of the war."

Mr. Churchill is careful to sound the same note of warning. And it is well that we should be cautioned against undue confidence.

But no one can survey the astonishing events of these days without feeling that we are on the top of a wave that may bring victory very, very near. When the dam begins to yield, the trickle soon becomes a torrent.

And who doubts to-day that the German dam is collapsing? Who doubts the immensity of the possibilities with which the autumn and coming winter present us?

It is for this reason that the nation, and indeed the whole world, has learned with relief from Mr. Churchill that the "mass invasion" of Western Europe is near at hand.

I have never been among those who have sought to stampede the Government into this vast adventure without the fullest preparation. I am satisfied—and I think the public is satisfied—of the wisdom of concentrating first on the Mediterranean campaign which has achieved so glorious and uninterrupted a triumph.

Not the least value of that triumph is the experience it has given us of the technique of invasion.

From Dieppe to Algiers, and from Sicily to Salerno, we have accumulated a store of knowledge without which the taking of so great a risk would have been a criminal gamble.

An invasion on this scale is without

It's a pity that Marshal Stalin isn't in the picture

precedent in the history of war, and we must all await the issue with the deepest anxiety.

Whatever the outcome, we know that everything that foresight and prudence can do to make it a success has been done. We know that it will be pressed home with relentless purpose.

And we know that the hour has come to strike, and to strike with all our might and with all that we have.

With the enemy reeling back towards the Dnieper before the resistless sweep of the Russian army, and with the whole defences of Hitler's fortress cracking throughout Southern Europe, a mass invasion on the Atlantic front should shake the whole fabric of Nazidom to its foundations.

* * *

And there is another reason why this is the moment to strike. Europe is a seething cauldron. The fall of Mussolini and the swing-over of Italy to our side have brought it to boiling-point. It only awaits the signal to inundate the foe from within.

With Hitler's only full-blown satellite knocked out, all the lesser satellites are in a panic to escape from the doomed ship.

They know that, in Mr. Churchill's phrase, the hour has come to "work their passage" home before the wreck is accomplished. And a successful invasion in the West will bring them swarming up our ladders to safety.

Terror is the only weapon with which Hitler holds them, even now. The fate of Boris, the fate of Naples—these are the last infamies with which he seeks to keep his crumbling empire from falling.

And apart from the satellites, the invasion will be a trumpet-call of deliverance to all the terrorised countries, from Norway to France and Poland to Greece.

In that hour Germany will know what it is to be "encircled" with enemies—enemies of her own making, enemies she has plundered and massacred, enemies flaming with the passion of revenge.

She will know what it is to stand alone as we once stood alone. But in how different circumstances! We stood alone at the beginning of the war.

She stands alone at the end. We, though alone, carried the hopes of the world. She is alone, enveloped by the hates of the world.

* * *

The imminence of the climax of the war in the West spells urgency in another direction.

Rommel's Ratlike Revenge

UGLY scenes are reported from Northern Italy. And there'll be more—for Rommel has an old account to settle with Germany's former ally.

When the Axis High Command realised that the African campaign was drawing to a close and the main battle would have to be fought in Italy, Hitler proposed Rommel as Commander-in-Chief of both the German and Italian forces on the mainland.

★ ★ ★

With one voice the Italian army shouted an emphatic No!

Rommel was infuriated, suffered a nervous breakdown, and went to Berlin to press his claims. But the military situation was so delicate that the German General Staff suggested that Kesselring should be appointed instead.

The Italians accepted Kesselring. And Rommel swore he'd avenge himself.

Now, as German Commander in the North of Italy, fighting mainly Italians, he has his revenge. I can almost pity the people exposed to his vile temper and vulgarity.

He never was a friend of theirs. When a Swiss newspaper suggested that Rommel had been a prisoner of war in Italy during the last war, his denial was couched in such insulting terms that any Italian soldier must have felt humiliated.

As soon as he was sent to Africa and had large units of Italian troops under his command—though Italy jealously maintained the fiction that the Axis African army was led by an Italian general—he demonstrated his feelings afresh.

When a young Italian liaison officer presented himself for duty at Rommel's H.Q., the red-faced Marshal grinned: "I congratulate you on your appointment—your four predecessors have been killed in action!"

An order was issued that he should be served at meals only by Italians. "They are a nation of waiters," he sneered.

★ ★ ★

Such incidents were but an indication of Rommel's plans for Italians. We watched these plans materialise when he sacrificed tens of thousands of Italians to save a few German companies.

He refused to discuss his tactics with Italian generals—knowing they would never have agreed to a course of action which was always based on the principle that Italian troops are just cannon-fodder and fit only for hopeless tasks.

These are the real reasons for his transfer to the Balkans—until the break between Italy and Germany made it possible for Hitler to send him back to the battlefield for which he had prepared himself.

★ ★ ★

So those who know his character are not surprised to read reports of German soldiers looting shops in Milan and Turin, and taking rings and jewellery from the fingers of Italian women in the streets.

His troops and the *Gestapo* with which he always collaborates have a free hand—against Italians!

Rommel is having his revenge—and obviously enjoying it.

While we watch this sordid spectacle we should remember that his ruthless war on Italians makes him a fiercer and more dangerous opponent for us.

He will take some beating—in which the Italians will join—but he *will* be beaten in Italy as in Africa.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

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NOTHING IN MR. CHURCHILL'S GREAT SURVEY OF THE WAR HAS GIVEN MORE SATISFACTION THAN THE PROSPECT HE HELD OUT OF AN EARLY CONFERENCE BETWEEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, MARSHAL STALIN AND HIMSELF.

It cannot come too soon. And this, not merely in the interests of the war, but in the interests of the peace that will follow.

The success or failure of that peace depends primarily upon the collaboration of three men—Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill.

I would add a fourth in the person of Chiang Kai-shek, but since Russia is not at war with Japan, he cannot at this stage take part in a conference largely concerned with the war in Europe.

It is of the utmost importance that the three major Powers allied against Germany should hammer out without delay not only the strategy of the war but the programme of the peace. For, as Mr. Churchill has said:

"Unless there is a close, cordial and lasting association between Soviet Russia and the other great Allies, we may find ourselves at the end of the war only to have entered on a period of deepening confusion."

* * *

No one who follows the German Press or listens to the German broadcasts needs to be told how much the enemy is banking on a rupture between the three great Allies.

That hope must be defeated, and the imminent conference of the Foreign Ministers of the three Powers should blaze the path for the meeting of the principals before Christmas.

When that meeting takes place let the great argument of world reconciliation override all minor differences.

We have one imperious object in common—the rooting out now and for ever of the Prussian military clique that twice in this generation has made a shambles of Europe.

Coupled with this, we have to build up a new World Order based on what President Roosevelt calls "the policy of the good neighbour."

That policy has given peace to the Americas, and it alone will give peace to the world.

It substitutes law for war in the arbitrament of nations, and liberty for tyranny within the nations.

In the pursuit of this goal we can all march in step. Britain and America have their differences and both have their differences with Russia.

But these differences do not touch the task in hand—that of securing a world in which all nations observe a common law and all peoples have freedom, justice, and equal access to the riches of the earth.

THE FATE OF MANKIND RESTS UPON A FIRM UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN BRITAIN, RUSSIA, THE UNITED STATES, AND CHINA.

Let us have that understanding reached now. It will be worth many victories in the field and will strike despair to the heart of the enemy.

A MASTER BUILDER WANTED NOW

Says Hannen Swaffer

NEARLY every morning a fresh blueprint for the New World reaches me.

Never in history were there so many folk so bursting with ideas, new at least to them, that they had to make a book of them. I do not wonder at the paper shortage.

Daily, too, there are innumerable tracts that come, proving from texts the approaching Battle of Armageddon, or the Second Coming, or denouncing men who seek to-plan "in defiance of God's will." The tracts, which usually contradict each other, as do even the texts, I throw away unread.

In the Houses of Parliament the other afternoon, I found fresh evidence that the Government is apparently indifferent to the grave problems ahead.

The Commons was more than ever under the sway of a Premier; the Lords were being told calmly by the Cabinet's spokesman that there was not even yet any decision about the post-war use and control of land.

A Huge Family

Who would believe, hearing of this new proof of Cabinet evasion and delay, that control of land values lies at the root of all our problems of rebuilding and rehabilitation?

Standing near me in the Lobby was a typical working-man and his wife waiting to see their M.P. I do not suppose they knew how much their own household was a lesson in management to any Government.

The man had chosen his home near the work he could get and then furnished it within his means. Then the wife, knowing how much money she would have to spend on the home every week, bought with wisdom and economy to satisfy the needs of the family.

Now, the nation, in facing its future, must realise that that is how you must plan a country. It is, in fact, a huge family.

In the war, it learned that for the first time. Will it forget the fact when the peace bugles blow?

Upon that the future of our race depends.

Without a settled plan, hundreds of thousands of builders, satisfying the need for homes, will start building all sorts of houses that, in a few years, will be slums, rushing them up in places where they will be needed for immediate use but empty when location of industry is planned, as planned it must be.

And as for the furniture, unless the necessary materials are controlled, prices will go to ceiling heights. There will be almost savage activity among furniture-makers for a few months, and then, when the need is satisfied, the unemployment we saw in the last post-war slump.

If you are to have a country as sensibly run as is the well-managed worker's home, you must plan immediately the whole policy of the nation's economy.

Many Committees

You must fix the price of land before you start to build—and Bristol and Plymouth and Coventry and vast areas in London require rebuilding, and with an eye on beauty, or else the price of land will so send up rents, or, as an alternative, make so high the subsidies that the consequences will be catastrophic.

Everywhere there is talk of town and country planning, the location of factories, "back to the land," and small industries.

Innumerable committees are busy. Some Government committees have reported; some still talk.

We should have more time for this

★ Anti-planners are rubbing their hands, looking forward to a false trade boom; the planners, full of goodwill but lacking co-ordination, must close their ranks and go to their job as one man

Small committees, such as the one endowed by Lord Nuffield, make inquiries and reports.

Then, many local authorities are trying to work out plans themselves, and now the Ministry of Health is asking the counties to form associations of local authorities to work out all sorts of schemes and plans.

Thousands of people, indeed, are engaged on this sort of thing. But there is no co-ordination.

Risk of a Slump

It is just as though the man and his wife were running their home without any idea what was the income or the family's size.

All this is really wasted effort and footling until we know what the Government policy is to be.

Location of industry must be insisted on, for one reason so that London should not go on growing and growing while derelict areas become poorer and poorer.

At present you can stop a man from building a factory on any particular place; but you cannot compel him to build one anywhere. And in many places new factories are essential to the life of a district.

London, at present, is the magnet for nearly all manufacturers. Not only do some manufacturers find a quarter of their customers within twenty-five miles of their factories; they find in the metropolis ample transport, plenty of water and electricity much cheaper than it is in the outlying places where work is needed. Besides, in London the housing of the workers is much simpler.

To avoid this, there must be national planning of water supply. There must be cheaper electricity. The transport services of the country must be centrally organised and properly planned.

All this sort of thing will absorb a great deal of labour for ten, or perhaps fifteen, years. But after that, unless there is national organisation of trade and industry generally, we shall face a slump like that which followed the short post-war boom that began in 1919.

The nation is like the worker and his wife whom I saw. It must plan—and wisely—or it is ruined.

It must realise that we have got to import food and raw materials and that, as we have lost our invisible imports, we must pay for the food and raw materials with our manufacturing.

Therefore, we must decide what we are going to make, not leave it to the haphazard ideas of thousands of factory owners seeking only a quick market, competing with their fellows in other countries for the same trade and in no sense preparing for the slump which their haphazard competition would automatically create.

Do it at Once

Now, while there is an understanding of this sort of thing, the anti-planners want to return, at the end of the war, to the normal, easy-going system of 1939. They yearn for a normal resumption of activity.

They want the old booms and slumps to start again—share-pushing "bulls and bears" and a mug public being left holding the baby.

Essential to planning is a complete economic survey—of our resources and of the potential demand there is likely to be for various kinds of goods.

We do this in war time. We must do it in peace. If we do not—and I have only hinted at a few of the problems facing us—there will be calamity.

Follow the Sergeant-Ma

★ The war was hard on the V.C. Sgt.-Major—because they said he was too old to fight. Only a bomb-hit gave him the chance to go into action again for an evening. Then, by a chance meeting with some U.S. soldiers, he found a real war job

By URSULA BLOOM

HE was very old was the old soldier, but upright still, and spruce with it. Sergeant-Major Wilkes had never defaulted along these lines. He had to use a stick these days, it's true, but he went along as he had always gone along with the company in the old days, the good old days.

Sergeant-Major Wilkes had known many wars; he had been decorated in the first Boer War, and in the second he had won that most coveted of all decorations.

A splash of claret ribbon trimmed his breast. And the Chelsea Hospital was proud of its V.C.

The Chelsea Hospital nodded at grandad when he came in, for all the world knows the colour of that medal ribbon, and honours it.

Wilkes had brought in two officers under fire. Shot in the chest, he had staggered on with his captain slung across his shoulders. The young ensign had lived, but the captain had died.

"I could help man a gun, sir," he volunteered, but there were no guns for eager old gentlemen

The sergeant-major had gone to the Palace to receive his Victoria Cross at the hands of the old Queen's son. Proud moment for Sergeant-Major Wilkes, with his shining buttons and his face darkly tanned by the South African sun.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

He hadn't married. He had worked with the Army as long as they would let him. Then he had retired with a pension, and had become a porter in a big hotel near Bristol.

Later, a little clergyman had suggested to him that in Chelsea there was the Chelsea Hospital, which was just the place for a man like Sergeant-Major Wilkes. At first he pooh-poohed the idea. Commuting his pension was not his wish.

But time going on and the world changing, and not for the better, he declared, in the nineteen thirties Sergeant-Major Wilkes came up to London, and he marched into the Chelsea Hospital, back straight, and his brave ribbon glowing deeply crimson claret on his breast.

IT was curious, but he found that he fitted into the picture admirably. He woke with reveille again, and it delighted him to hear the old call.

There were pleasant courtyards where a man might sit and dream other bugle-calls. In the summer there were convenient seats in the gardens overlooking Chelsea Barracks, where an old soldier could contemplate the modern sentry and tell his cronies how he had done it in his day.

And laugh! Some of the modern sentries were very funny, and some of them made Sergeant-Major Wilkes itch to be back in uniform and give them that word of authority which they needed.

The war came.

"There must be something I can do," said Sergeant-Major Wilkes, in company with a couple of dozen other old gentlemen, who only asked to be allowed to fight.

The spirit was abundantly willing, the flesh so weak. There was nothing they could do. Some of them knitted, but Sergeant-Major Wilkes looked with scorn on such activities.

So that he sulked sometimes in the pleasant courtyard. He despised the air raid shelters built actually in the gardens.

There must be something he could do.

The first sound of the big guns came to London, and the Chelsea Pensioners stood up, backs like ramrods and faces towards the noise. Age could not wither the courage of those hearts. The blitz came to London: it was war again, and this time the old were in that war.

"I could help man a gun, sir," said Sergeant-Major Wilkes, who for the umpteenth time of asking had requested an interview with the governor.

The governor hated to refuse so noble a request, but all the old gentlemen made such requests every so often, and had to be gently dismissed.

On the night that the Hospital was hit, Sergeant-Major Wilkes was in his element.

He gave orders, he bustled about as fast as his stiff old legs would take him. He smelt the exquisite smell of cordite. (Gawd, give me a gun, murmured Sergeant-Major Wilkes to himself in a white-hot fury. I'd teach them baskets something!)

But there were no guns for old eager gentlemen like Sergeant-Major Wilkes.

"Well, you can't have it both ways," said an old crony smoking the foullest pipe in the Hospital, as they sat together in the courtyard, "we done our bit, I sez. We done what we was asked, and when we was asked, not like some of these young chaps, what has to be made to go."

"I could do some more," said Sergeant-Major Wilkes, haunted by the sound of manly feet tramping in his wake. March, march, march, the boys are marching. He wished the tune didn't run through his head again and again until he could not lose it.

"You arsks too much," said his friend, spitting into the spittoon which stood beside every seat.

Which was unfortunately true, as Sergeant-Major Wilkes knew. But his heart seethed within him. He wasn't happy. He had little appetite for his food.

Once he had to report to the infirmary, and although they put it down to his war time rations, Sergeant-Major Wilkes knew perfectly well that it was nothing to do with the war time rations (as though he'd never lived on ship's biscuits and bully before), it was that his heart was spoiling to lead men again, and he was too old.

BY way of consolation, he spent his spare time wandering round London, a city he had always loved.

He watched the changing of the guard at the Palace approvingly; they were good, some of these youngsters, damned good.

He sat in the pleasant sunshine of the Mall, he peered into the Admiralty and the Horse Guards. He learnt a lot in his own way, but all the time he was deadly unhappy.

"He don't seem to settle down to this 'ere war," said his friend of the spittoon. "Restless is what he is, it's always the same with them there sergeant-majors, they're made that way."

SERGEANT-MAJOR WILKES went into London one bright Spring day, when the first buds were in the trees, and the fitful sunshine, with its promise of Spring, lighting Piccadilly, and the Green Park with the view of the Palace flashing through wintry trees.

He got out near the Café Royal. He had never been inside the Café, of course, but he always thought that it looked pleasant enough. His captain, the man who had died in the sand of the *veldt*, had spoken of it affectionately.

"The best cherry brandy in the world on a cold night," his captain had said, and had dreamt in his delirium that he was speeding down Regent Street in a hansom cab with jingling bells.

Sergeant-Major Wilkes turned down the street towards the park. He wore his scarlet coat, and his medals, with that one above all others, which was his life's blood.

In the street halfway down, staring about them goofily, were a squad of American soldiers. Tall, big young men, fine physique, he thought, they'd make something of those young men given time and the chance.

The American soldiers were not being drilled. Twenty of them were standing there in a bunch. They eyed the approaching figure of Sergeant-Major Wilkes with some apprehension.

"Say, but there must be whole lots to see if we but knew how," said one to the other, "this l'l ole' city has sure got me beat."

Another said, "Let's ask Father Christmas."

They turned to Sergeant-Major Wilkes. "Say, sir," said the first young man rolling his R's in a pleasant Southern manner. "Can you tell us what to see in London?"

Sergeant-Major Wilkes looked at them. He said, "I can," and his eyes were steel.

One of them asked him what he was. He told them that he was a soldier, too. And he looked a soldier then, every inch of him. Another said, "Say, but what's that medal he's wearing? Isn't it?"—and stopped short.

"It's the Victoria Cross," said one of them, suddenly amazed, for Sergeant-Major Wilkes had not replied.

He had never bragged about his gallantry, he took it for granted that anyone would have saved both the ensign and the captain. No more.

Major

"Sure," said the young men, and they ustered round him. They made him lk. "And now," said they, "you show London, grandfather."

"If I show you London, you come my ay," said Sergeant-Major Wilkes, and e old blood stirred and the old heart at a tattoo like a fife and drum band. e lined them up.

"LOOK," said Sergeant-Major Wilkes, pointing through the alleyway of Pickering Place, Lord Nelson lived there once. The fig ee that he planted still grows against e house."

"Gee!" said the Americans.

He marched them down past St. mes's Palace. He heard the tramp of eir feet coming behind him. Twenty anks and a V.C. marching round ndon.

He turned into the Mall, a brave little d gentleman with the greatest medal all on his breast.

Out of the Palace gates a car with no mber turned to drive to the Admiralty. e dim eyes of Sergeant-Major Wilkes ere not so dim but that they saw. He ve the order "Eyes right!" and he luted.

He thought that his heart would burst ith glory.

He was a brave old gentleman in a arlet coat and the boys behind him nderstood. He heard their feet as one ot. Somebody slithered. The old-membered blasphemous words tripped to the tongue of the sergeant-major.

And, as he marched them up to the alace to show them where the King of ngland lives, and where the Kings of ngland always will live, he knew that e had found his métier. He'd be doing is for the rest of the war.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

PICTUREGOERS CAN DO WITHOUT THIS CLUB

THERE are twenty-five million attendances at cinemas throughout the country every week.

Half of these are made by "film fans," to whom any attractive proposition likely to increase their film interests, and especially effect meetings with their particular film stars, is sure to make instant appeal.

That is why I turn the limelight this week on to a concern possessing the rich name of the Cinema League of Great Britain—"Cine-League" for short—whose "Central Mail Offices," according to its literature, are at 502, Edgware Road, London, W.2.

The Cine-League has lately flooded the country with what it calls a "Special Central Office Memo," which refers to its "Fan Club," and invites every cinema-goer to "link up" with it.

The League, the circulars run, "is the popular association for Cinegoer, star and film fans—a direct and *official* link with star, studio and screen activities."

It offers to mail members constantly with *advance* and current film production notes and information, and to arrange studio visits, contacts with stars, and to bring "pen pals" together.

It is, if one judges from its printed matter, no hole-in-the-corner affair. Local groups and branches are in formation all over the country, and wherever there is a cinema you will shortly find a Cine-League group or branch.

Briefly, film fans are assured that they will find the Cine-League a "valuable service" (underlined), "a profitable investment" (underlined), and a very pleasant association.

YOU PAY, OF COURSE

Of course you can't expect all these big benefits for nothing. So you must pay an annual subscription of 10s. 6d. to join, but if you cannot spare it all at once the people behind the League are most considerate.

They are willing to take "easy terms"—four quarterly payments of 3s., or thirteen monthly payments of 1s.

For several reasons I advise all film fans among my readers to decline this League's offers without any regrets.

Trade papers, film producers, cinema managements, studio owners and even film stars have never heard of it.

Experts I have consulted look upon it as quite unwanted, even if it had the staff and the information, and the ways and means to get advance information, or arrange, among its other proposals, "contacts" with film stars and visits to studios.

I say, quite definitely, that the whole thing is an impudent ramp from start to finish.

In the first place, there is no "League" in the meaning of the word.

There are no "Central Mail Offices."

There is no Board of Management.

What information the people behind it actually possess is being touted for from people whose names, in some cases, have been lifted from prize-winning lists in film magazines.

Its "headquarters" in Edgware Road, where the "central mail offices" are found, are in a small flat rented about four months ago by a man named Clement Briggs.

He *is* the "League."

The British Film Institute some weeks ago received a telephone call from somebody at this so-called League's headquarters asking for the loan of certain film records.

IT'S CURIOUS

The secretary naturally asked for further particulars, and said it was only businesslike that such a proposal should be made in writing with details of the Board of Management, and so on.

The League's promoters have not committed themselves in writing to this important film organisation.

Another strange point is that no signature appears on the circulars, which are stereotyped.

Film fans, in all these circumstances, will only be foolish if they send money to the little flat, over a chiropodist's shop, "a long way down the Edgware Road."

If you're a filmgoer you probably like Deanna Durbin. But that's no reason for joining the club mentioned here

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. A. Furguson, Wortley Road, East Ham, London, E.6, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are appreciated about any suspected scandal or ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, *93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

London Streets Paved with American Gold!

MILLIONS of pounds have been made by undiscovered Black Marketeers since the war began.

How is this money conserved for the criminals who so illegally obtain it?

They can't bank it. If they did, their guilt would soon be established.

So—they go in for diamond buying in a big way.

A high official of the Board of Trade admitted this to me a few days ago.

★ ★ ★

"Huge sums, out of all proportion to the real value," he said, "are paid in America for diamonds to-day. After all, our own Government sells 85 per cent. of home-polished diamonds to the United States, not only to bring in money for the war effort but also to prevent cash being invested in gems here instead of in war savings."

Black Market chiefs, anxious to hide their crooked gains until after the war, have found some secret means—which Scotland Yard has not yet been able to solve—of investing their money in diamonds and getting them safely to America, where they are resold at a profit and the proceeds safeguarded.

Scotland Yard is aware that sums running into six figures are hoarded, in fictitious names, in American safe deposit vaults, at the instigation of Black Market interests in Britain.

One man, who has been concerned with many shady propositions, is believed by the authorities to have hidden in this way more than £100,000 in the last two years through the agency of unsuspected travellers to America.

★ ★ ★

In a recent Black Market deal, which ran altogether into nearly three millions of money, and in which the chief racketeers have yet to be discovered, it is known that much of the "booty" was used to buy up diamonds that have since been sold in America. They were transported *via* Eire.

Certainly this dirty business must be stopped at any cost—even if the best brains at Scotland Yard, very overtaxed in these times, have to be solely employed on smashing it.

THEY ITCH FOR AITCH

IF you asked the language makers they would probably tell you there was a good reason for the difference between *what* and *wot*.

But I should say that if you asked any average ten people about it their answer would be, "Wot's the difference?"

Most people who would say 'Alifax would also say *wot*. But the odd thing is that quite a lot of people who would never dream of saying 'Alifax would also say *wot*.

★ ★ ★

Many people who raise their hats to *h* at the beginning of a word pass by with an icy stare *h* in the middle of a word.

I suppose you get a nice feeling when you know you're right. If you say why when the other fellow says w'y, it puts you up a peg or two in your own estimation. I suppose so.

At the same time, many people have reached the top of the tree without an aitch to their names. Even the greatest Prime Minister we have ever had manages to keep on being the greatest Prime Minister we have ever had without indulging in the maximum of aspirates.

Why, the entire French nation says, simply, "Not at home," when the h's come calling.

They use *h* in their spelling, but they don't waste breath on it.

However, variety is the spice of life, and you could argue that a world full of wotters would be as monotonous as a world full of whatters. I take sides against neither.

But I do take sides against the latest kind of h-torturer. The man who isn't satisfied with a mere *what*. The man who has to let everything rip and give us a full-blown *wHat*.

Some of them, the super ones, manage to get it up to something like *wHHHat*.

I wonder wHHHy?

Mostly it's the super ones who read the news to us over the air. They can make a simple word sound like the last wheeze out of one of those dying pigs that you used to buy for a penny at the kerb in Holborn.

WHHHy? and wHHHich? and wHHHen? and wHHHere?

Or, to put it down as it sounds, oooHHHy? and oooHHHich? and oooHHHen? and oooHHHere?

In fact, you're surprised when they go on to the next word. You wouldn't think they'd have the steam left.

I've known times when I've missed the news entirely for listening to the parlour tricks.

I wonder oooHHHy they talk in this extraordinary way? I'm sure they must be human, because I've seen photographs of them. I like to think that oooHHHen they're let out they dash round to the nearest local and say, "Thank 'eaven that's over! Wot's yours?"

★ ★ ★

I'd hate to think that they keep it up, that they do it oooHHHen they're buying tobacco in shops, or oooHHHen they call a taxi, or oooHHHen they reach home. If they do, I wonder oooHHHat their dogs think about them?

If the French can get on without it, if the Americans can get on without it, if the Prime Minister can get on without it, surely the super ones at the B.B.C. can get on without it.

The rest of us can.

Somebody ought to tell them. A. G.

If you are in doubt, write HUMANIST, at 93, Long re, London, W.C.2. You ll receive a guinea if your tter is quoted on this page ithout, of course, giving your name)

ERE for a start is an unusual problem. It comes from a young man still in his 'teens: trouble is that I talk too much. rever I am, or whatever I am doing, st talk.

experience is that strangers often uite affable with me, but after a their affability becomes strained hey begin to give one another sly es.

have tried to check the flow of uage at this stage but without suc- The words still continue to flow. ce I tried being silent and suffered awkward ten minutes, but I was e the butt of friendly banter. My said I couldn't be well and tried to my pulse.

at's the worst of it. If I talk I get sm; if I keep silent I still get sm.

n't imagine I am a bore; I'm not. range of speech is wide as I have de field of interest. But there's no ng away from the fact that I do too much.

e problem is unusual on my page, because the trouble is rare, but use the habitual talker is not aware is weakness.

HINK the young man goes either to one extreme or the other—saying too much or keeping mum. He does not ear to realise that as well as being a talker he should be a good listener. may be interesting to air one's s on fifty subjects, but by giving r people a chance there is always opportunity of learning something n or getting a point of view that had previously been observed.

ut I get scores of letters from young and women who talk too little, who t to join in discussion, but keep t through lack of self-confidence. y generally begin by saying they e an inferiority complex and want to w how to cure it. The following, n a girl of twenty-one, is typical:

am naturally of a shy disposition, when a man asked me to let him home with me I refused.

didn't want to refuse, but the words e out. He wanted to know why, and uldn't think of a good excuse, so he sted.

have known this man in a casual for some months and am attracted im. I really wanted the chance to to know him better.

nyhow, he walked home with me, tting in a friendly way, but I con- uted just about nothing. I was as nb as an ox. I hated myself for ning such an idiot, but I just couldn't myself go.

thought he would never want to go e with me after that, but a week or ater he asked me again. I made no uses this time, but I was almost as pid as the first time, saying "Yes" "No" and "Really" till I felt like aming.

undreds of young people have had t horrible experience of being frozen or walled in. They are really afraid giving themselves away—afraid they make fools of themselves.

hey are hiding their real "selves." t requires a sort of desperate courage break out the first time, but once it been done it becomes easier with ry new attempt.

I'm going to say what I think even do make a fool of myself!" That tude towards the problem would go ong way to clearing it.

everal weeks ago I printed a letter n a man about the sinfulness of king childbirth easier. He said he a Christian who knew his Bible.

We know where talking led him

SHOULD HE SEAL HIS LIPS?

The result of publishing that letter was that I received a deluge of protests from readers of all ages and both sexes. Here is one of a great many:

Strange that in hospital, shortly after the birth of my first baby, I should open JOHN BULL to find that old controversy still raging. Mine was not a straightforward case, but I must be numbered with the lucky ones, for I was allowed the merciful relief of an anæsthetic in the last stages.

I have a strong instinct to relieve suffering of any living creature, and I would ask this man who knows his Bible to consider other passages.

What, for instance, about "Bear ye one another's burdens"?

But the writer's argument won't hold water. If women have to pay for the sin of Eve, are those who choose to remain childless to be exempt? And what about men paying their share?

ADAM'S punishment, another reader points out, was hard work. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Then are we breaking the Divine law by using machines to do the heavy work?

Dozens of readers were indignant about the idea of the letter-writer. They all pointed out that the healing of the sick and compassion for suffering are essential parts of the Christian religion:

"Oh in what divers pains they met,
And with what joy they went away."

But a man need not be "religious" to want to alleviate human agony. It is a deep, fundamental instinct of all decent human beings. To me that seems to be incontrovertible.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

IN PRAISE OF DURBAN

ON the voyage out East, Gnr. Brian Noon, R.A., looks in at Durban and is impressed. He writes to his parents at Heather Dene, Bromborough:

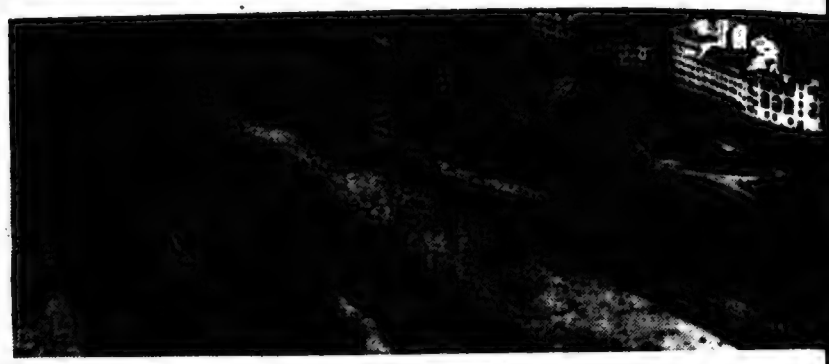
At Durban we suddenly decided that life wasn't so bad after a and that there were some worthwhile places, apart from home.

Durban is really lovely. As you enter the harbour a miniature Manhatt skyline stretches across the shore. The sea is a brilliant blue, and overhead blazing sun beats down on white villas framed in a golden expanse of sand, wi green palms to complete the picture.

The local people were wonderful. Not only were there free canteens an cinema shows and concerts for the troops, but people waited in cars by the doc to pick up parties of soldiers and take them for drives and to the cinema. Afte wards they took you home to dinner. That was hospitality!

The nights were pleasantly warm, and as there is no black-out the stree were ablaze with electric lights, and coloured Neon signs gave the town carnival atmosphere.

During my stay I went by car to the Valley of a Thousand Hills, a wonderf place. We were five days in Durban—I wish it had been five weeks.



Blue sea and golden sun, white villas and green palms—who wouldn't think Durban lovely?

HE ROSE QUICKLY

Don't take liberties with a goat! seems to be the moral of this story from Bdr. A. Gascoigne, serving in North Africa, in a letter to his wife at Market Place, Pickering, Yorks:

This morning a goat was calmly eating our camouflage when one of the lads threw a stone to frighten it off.

But that goat must have come of fighting stock, for he turned round, put his head down and charged at the stone thrower, and you should have seen that man run!

I was laughing at this inglorious retreat when the goat suddenly changed his mind and decided that I was the better target. It happened that I had just turned my back when something hit me in the rear, and I finished in a cactus bush feeling as if I had been stung by a hundred wasps.

I was never fond of goats!

NERVOUS NAZIS

A night attack is described by Pt E. A. Booth, Royal Sussex Regiment to a friend at Ashcroft Avenue, Sidcup, Kent:

Later that night we went in to att and it was warm work while it las It seemed that the Germans machine-gunning us from three di tions, but we soon put a stop to that

Jerry is a fidgety fellow when thinks that things are going to happ to him, and he likes to have the d night lighted up like day, so up go Verey lights by the score at the le sign or sound of movement. machine-guns begin to chatter tracers sweep the ground.

In gaining the ridge, some of our came into a lot of close fighting, made themselves felt. Then we dug and waited for daybreak, wonderi what we should see with the morni light.

Very early in the grey dawn we noti several figures wandering about five hundred yards away, and we jump to the conclusion that they were our men completing their digging-in.

But a look through binoculars proved that they were Germans, so had to "look after them." They have been surprised that we were close to them—and so were we!

NO ROMANCE

Sergeant-majors are still sergeant-majors, according to Dvr. E. Wilson R.A., serving in the Middle East. He writes to his mother at Windsor Park, Musselburgh, Midlothian:

We have moved again a few miles, to help us to enjoy the pleasures of pa ing and unpacking trucks, taking do tents and putting 'em up again. like a blooming circus on tour.

Meanwhile, the sergeant-major is

HUMAN MACHINE

STUDY THE PAST TO CONQUER THE FUTURE

People who can't think clearly are often heard to decry education, sneer at advancement, object to liberty, and rave against progress.

The very first essential of clear thinking is the recognition that past, present and future make one continuity.

Unless you know something of the past, not only of people but of things, you can never understand the present. Until you know the past and understand the present, you can never see even dimly what the future may hold.

It is one of the most heartening things about the present that more and more people are refusing to be satisfied with dogmatic statements about anything.

They will no longer accept effects. They want to be shown the causes.

To read, to learn—*and to understand*. That is the first need for all who would learn to think.

This is an age when knowledge is not hard to come by. It is spread generously before us by all sorts of agencies. We are traitors to our own best interests if we do not make every possible use of our opportunities.

Once we clearly understand that the present has *grown* out of the past, we can see how the future is already growing out of the present.

We can then understand very clearly our responsibility to see that its growth is sound.

ng round in small circles and t eryone off—bless his heart! He made us shift a whole row of cause they weren't in line with the battery next to us. You s are seen how pleased were the hen they had to haul down those gain!

We were doing this job stripped aist, with the sweat rolling down e sun beating down and fryi own.

Altogether I find no glamour i ysterious East. The youngsters pect to see big, bold sheiks out on white chargers, and omen with veils over their faces out a foot of waist showing omed to bitter disappointment. T romance in these parts.

RECIPE TO REMEMBER

Serving with the M.E.F., Chris Stone, R.A., is not popu as a cook. He writes to a frien Rosevale Street, Glasgow:

You know how useful I am i chen! Yesterday, by some still ke, I made the coffee in a dixie d been used before with garlic as my face red! and did the lads Our Italian prisoners, in their unds, look like an advertiseme e song, "Happy Days Are Here A ere is not much need to keep cked up.

THOUGHTS OF HOME

Nostalgia for home is expressed by L./Cpl. J. Lowry, N Irish Horse, serving in North Af who writes to his mother Spencer Road, Londonderry, N ern Ireland:

A lot of the boys were sitting e tent last night smoking th garette of the day, and almost dy was speaking of home an ttle things that make up life. Big pay packets and cars did no important to us as being able to the local newsagent's sho wn a penny and pick up a pap ining news from all over the wo en go to the cinema round the th the wife or the best girl.

One chap's ambition was to h ife bring him up a cup of unday morning, while anoth anted to hear the end of the ews bulletin, with the announcer u to ring up Whitehall 1212 if y y information for the police!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

ERVICE officers visit our coll high-powered cars to have ound the mine. Yet the collier annot get enough petrol to v atients. We want fit miners, no ers.—"Notts Miner," Mansfield

★ ★ ★

The L.M.S. run a train every r r their own workers. The ften late, and as a result mployees suffer deductions fro hrough no fault of their ccles. Keighley, Yorks.

★ ★ ★

At the funeral of a local co ere were 103 wreaths and fifty-f ost of them carrying only one assengers. Surely the town co s last respects without this aste.—"A. Worker," Rochdale.

★ ★ ★

My husband, a certificated boo assed Grade 2, and called up, clerical work, only to be told fficer that only Grade A men ar r clerical work!—"Army Cook iverpool.

TROOPS

ing round in small circles and telling veryone off—bless his heart!
He made us shift a whole row of tents ecause they weren't in line with those the battery next to us. You should ave seen how pleased were the boys hen they had to haul down those tents ain!
We were doing this job stripped to the aist, with the sweat rolling down, and e sun beating down and frying us own.
Altogether I find no glamour in the ysterious East. The youngsters who xpect to see big, bold sheiks riding out on white chargers, and lovely omen with veils over their faces and out a foot of waist showing—are omed to bitter disappointment. There's romance in these parts.

RECIPE TO REMEMBER

Serving with the M.E.F., Bdr. Chris Stone, R.A., is not popular as a cook. He writes to a friend at Rosevale Street, Glasgow:

You know how useful I am in the chen! Yesterday, by some silly mis-e, I made the coffee in a dixie which d been used before with garlic in it. as my face red! and did the lads cuss! Our Italian prisoners, in their com-unds, look like an advertisement for e song, "Happy Days Are Here Again." ere is not much need to keep them cked up.

THOUGHTS OF HOME

Nostalgia for home is well expressed by L./Cpl. J. Lowry, North Irish Horse, serving in North Africa, who writes to his mother at Spencer Road, Londonderry, Northern Ireland:

A lot of the boys were sitting round e tent last night smoking the last garette of the day, and almost every-dy was speaking of home and the tle things that make up life.
Big pay packets and cars did not seem important to us as being able to walk to the local newsagent's shop, put wn a penny and pick up a paper con-ining news from all over the world, and en go to the cinema round the corner ith the wife or the best girl.
One chap's ambition was to have his ife bring him up a cup of tea on unday morning, while another just anted to hear the end of the B.B.C. ews bulletin, with the announcer asking u to ring up Whitehall 1212 if you had y information for the police!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

ERVICE officers visit our colliery in high-powered cars to have a look ound the mine. Yet the colliery nurse annot get enough petrol to visit her atients. We want fit miners, not sight-ers.—"Notts Miner," Mansfield.

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The L.M.S. run a train every morning r their own workers. The train is ften late, and as a result railway mployees suffer deductions from wages hrough no fault of their own.—H. ccles, Keighley, Yorks.

★ ★ ★

At the funeral of a local councillor here were 103 wreaths and fifty-two cars, ost of them carrying only one or two assengers. Surely the town could pay s last respects without this wanton aste.—"A. Worker," Rochdale.

★ ★ ★

My husband, a certificated bookkeeper, assed Grade 2, and called up, asked for erical work, only to be told by his fficer that only Grade A men are chosen r clerical work!—"Army Cook's Wife," iverpool.

**** How a young Flight-Sergeant from New Zealand outwitted and outflew a resourceful German pilot in a desperate fight over the Italian coast***

Death Chase Over the Cliffs

THIS is the amazing story of Flight-Sergeant James Robinson—the small, thick-set, fair-headed lad with the broad grin, who, before the war, was a motor mechanic at Kakariki, near the little town of Marton in New Zealand.

Jimmy has been described by his Wing Commander as a wizard in the air with magic in his hands—a man with an instinctive judgment of distance and speed not one in a thousand possesses.

"The boy got on to a Hun," the Wingco said, "and stuck to him like a shadow. The chase was terrific. It was a nightmare—a bad dream.

"That Hun proved himself to be one of the most skilful pilots I've ever seen.

"The rest of us who saw that amazing zig-zagging with their bellies almost scraping the ground will never forget it. We could only gape. . . ."

This is the story pieced together from pilots' reports:

Baltimores were attacking railway connections on the Italian mainland when main forces were still in Sicily, and high over their head droned a section of four Spitfires, escorting the bombers.

Suddenly a warning came in the voice of the pilot flying over the section's tail to guard it from surprise attack.

His First Kill

"Six Me's coming down out of the sun!"

The Wingco immediately gave his orders to the section, which turned sharply up and over, effectively forestalling the German who was trying to jump it from behind.

The leading Me took a long burst from the Wingco and went down streaking smoke. The Wing Commander followed it down to the sea which it hit like a shell. A second Me was set on fire by a New Zealand pilot officer and the German bailed out.

The third was shot down by Jimmy Robinson. It was the first time he had seen a German at close range.

Robinson, in the first clash of the dog fight up there at 25,000 feet, found himself with a German close on his tail. Tracer was whipping past his wings and the German was very dangerously placed—for Robinson.

The New Zealander pulled round in a tight turn, flipped over on his back, rolled out and dived on the German. He gave him a burst at a hundred yards' range and the Me flew into pieces in the air.

His first fight—his first victory . . . in less than a couple of minutes!

Of the six Germans, three were now destroyed.

Robinson then spotted an Me break away from the three engaged thousands of feet below by his comrades. It turned and climbed into the sun.

That was enough for the New Zealander. He pushed down his nose and pushed everything forward, streaking down towards it.

At 13,000 ft. the German saw him and dived away. Robinson followed him down to 10,000, closing range fast. The German shot up, turning sharply towards the coast. Robinson turned in the same hair's breadth.

The enemy dived at over 500 m.p.h. The young New Zealander followed true as a die on his tail.

Then the German smacked out his flaps and cut his engines, stopping much as a racing car would stop if the brakes were suddenly applied.

Robinson stopped quicker than the German—and before the Me could get

Not only bombers are easy targets for the R.A.F.

going on the next move the Spitfire opened up and shot pieces out of the other's port wing.

The German pilot was evidently an experienced man and he was a skilful pilot, up to every trick. The two machines crossed the coast at under 1,000 ft., zig-zagging, turning, looping, dipping, like a greyhound and hare.

The Me flew straight into the cliff face. A few yards away from the sheer granite wall, it shot up. The Wingco states that he was sure the machine would crash into the cliff for it looked as if the German was committing suicide in the hope that the Spitfire would also be destroyed.

Robinson almost broke the back of his Spitfire as he followed the Me vertically up the cliff face.

"The machines were like two flies going up the wall," the Wingco reported. "I've never seen anything like it."

The Me turned over the cliff top and at zero feet streaked across country for a break in the hills. Robinson bobbed over the cliff less than 200 yd. behind the enemy and immediately followed.

Robinson's Spitfire actually struck the turf with a wing tip as he turned to streak after the Me at this point. His starboard wingtip was filled with soil when examined later back at the base.

The Me dropped over the ridge to follow the valley bottom, flying sometimes at 10 ft. from the ground. On each side the granite mountains loomed 400 ft. above the two fighter planes locked in a death struggle at 400 miles an hour.

The German soon realised he had not shaken off the Spitfire and that soon he would receive a heavy dose of lead. He began an eel-like twisting and turning. He was desperate.

His wings hit the rocks more than once. Death was close on his heels and that lent desperation to his wild manœuvring.

Rock Climbing

But some deep-seated instinct had got Jimmy Robinson in its elemental grip.

Wherever that German went he followed. There were times when he was in position to open up, but—strangely—he did not do so.

The Wingco watched the dizzy turns in the valley bottom for a while. He had long ago given up any hope of either of those two 400 m.p.h. fighters surviving.

Then the German realised that he had run himself into what was more or less a blind alley. A large round hill, probably of volcanic origin, rose out of the valley floor before him. To port the Spitfire, almost wing tip to wing tip on him now, cut him off from escape that way.

He turned between the hillside and the rock face of the cliffs running up for 400 ft., flung his Me over on a wing tip and flattened his machine on the rock face, tossed about by air currents like a leaf.

By a miracle he hit nothing and managed to circle the hill. By an equal miracle Robinson followed him . . . up to the vertical rock face, vertical bank, and round the hillside.

Then began the most extraordinary manœuvre of all. The German having tried everything in his power to shake off the Spitfire now could do nothing but circle round this small hill.

At ground level the Me tore round and round the hill, with the Spitfire on its tail, at the bottom of a ravine 400 ft. deep.

Finale at Ground Level

The third time round Robinson steadied his Spitfire and opened fire. He followed the enemy round in a steep bank, giving him all the Spitfire's armament had. It was the end. The German was blasted into the earth only a matter of 2 ft. beneath his racing wings.

When the Me struck, parts of its fuselage bounced off the rock and stuck in the belly of the Spitfire as it zoomed up and out of the valley.

"That Hun could handle an aircraft," the Wingco said to Jimmy Robinson later. "But you could have let him have it sooner."

"I don't know why I didn't," the New Zealander replied. "I had an idea, perhaps, to see that chase through."

B. L. JACOT.

SPIRIT INDESTRUCTIBLE

LIFE goes on and God is with us, He supports us through each trial. No one can destroy our spirit without they first our thoughts defile. We must keep our faith bright burning as we follow in Christ's wake.

HAPPINESS we find unseeking, hidden down life's queerest ways. Oft the heart goes forth in trembling where the soul remains and prays. Life is not one simple pattern, cut out by a Hand divine, it is real laborious shaping fashioned by your soul and mine.

SUFFERING cannot be avoided, it is part of light and shade, and every heart's a living anvil on which our personal life is made. Joy, and love, and tears, and laughter, are things of earthly tenancy.

FOR this life is not enduring, it is but the weaving loom, on which is spun the soul's bright raiment, to wear in heaven beyond earth's tomb. Life's to-day is richly coloured, and shaded by our tears and pain, but life's to-morrow is eternal, look up, heaven's glow shines through life's rain.

J. M.

FOOD FACTS

SPECIAL JAM RATION

A special ration of jam will be available for the three four-weekly rationing periods starting September 19th, October 17th and November 14th. In each of these periods housewives will be able to buy the ordinary preserve ration, and in addition an extra pound of certain jams (the list is given below) on each ration book.

This has been made possible because last year, when we had a bumper plum crop, the Ministry of Food and the manufacturers took the precaution of preserving large quantities of plums in the form of pulp in case this year's fruit crop should fail. For the same reason they also imported a quantity of jam from the Dominions when shipping conditions permitted. But this year's plum crop has been as good as last year's, and consequently these security stocks can be released.

The extra jam ration may be taken in any of the following varieties which your retailer may have in stock:

Home-Produced Jams

Plum (not including Damson or Greengage), Peach, Rhubarb.

Imported Jams

Plum (not including Damson or Greengage), Peach, Quince, Pear, Tomato, Guava, Fig, Peach and Pineapple, Pineapple, Pineapple and Ginger; all varieties containing Melon or Grape or Apple.

You may not be familiar with some of these imported jams. Don't let that stop you from buying them. They are very good, and their fruit content is very much higher than we have been used to lately, because the Dominions where they came from have plenty of fruit. All these imported jams are in tins, but they will keep just as well as if they were in glass jars. You need not empty them out of the tins when opened.

Your retailer may not have all his stock at the beginning, but you will be able to get your extra ration before the four-week period ends.

POINT VALUES

It is time-wasting and perhaps mistake-causing to ask your retailer "*How many points have I got left?*" Work it out for yourself. All you need to remember is that "A" coupons = 1 point, and "B" and "C" coupons = 2 points each, making a total of 20 points per book for each rationing period. For Personal Points, "D" coupons = 1 point and "E" coupons = 2 points.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 168

'CAMP' COFFEE

'Camp' is good coffee concentrated

THE MERCHANT NAVY

Applications for admission to the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel can now be received.

Sons of sailors who have lost their lives or been disabled in the present War are maintained and trained free of all charges.

For other boys, a charge is made.

Applicants on admission must be between 15½ and 16½ years of age.

Apply:

THE COMMANDING OFFICER
SEA TRAINING HOSTEL
The BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY
INGHAM OLD HALL
Near
NORWICH

©BS563

You need less fat when you use

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
THE BEST IN THE WORLD

LAST LAUGH

H. L. (Taunton).—"Our contrary weather makes pessimists of many amateur gardeners." Even their lettuces and cabbages seem to have no heart!

F. M. (South-East).—"An incendiary bomb recently set fire to a fifty-year-old oil-lamp in Kent." Then there is hope for that petrol-lighter of ours yet.

FARMER (Bridgnorth).—"Is it humanly possible for a company of soldiers to camp all day in an orchard without a single apple being taken?" Yes, if they concentrate on plums.

N. L. (Hull).—"Medical writers blame the air war for the serious decline in our birth-rate." A fighter escort for the stork seems to be indicated.

F. N. (Kettering).—"Why should chartered accountants be exempt from being called up for the Army?" Yes, why? After all, someone has got to count those Italian prisoners.

MRS K. (Burnley). — "After travelling to South Africa and back, my ration book has been returned to me by the Post Office authorities." Yet people complain that coupons don't go very far these days.

SAPPER (Somewhere in England). —"Our battalion has adopted a tame pheasant as a mascot." Our old regiment always had a pet grouse.

R. N. (Norwich).—"A London dramatic critic says he has not missed a first night for ten years." We understand that, if necessary, an opening performance is postponed if it clashes with his fire-watching.

G. G. (Torquay).—"In my last fight for a bit of fruit I had to make a quick retreat—nothing doing." And now, we take it, you are preparing an under-counter attack?

B. V. (Ventnor).—"The idea of some modern artists seems to be to improve on Nature." You mean those seed packet artists.

H. H. (Retford).—"Standing in a queue I always become apprehensive." Fear prices may rise before you can get served?

V. V. (Fulham).—"No man likes to lose anything belonging to him." Unless it is a bad tooth.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"E's in the Bersi-something, ain't he, mate? The bloke there under that chicken?"

Side-Slips

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS:—". . . Mrs. —— was taken to A—— Hospital and DETAILED."

COLCHESTER GAZETTE: —"The BRIDEGROOM was attired in a dress of white taffeta with veil and headdress of pearls and orange blossom."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—"They explained that the sight of the Armada offshore had PETRIFIED THEM INTO ACTIVITY."

DAILY SKETCH:—"It circled the town twice before releasing its bombs, which dropped TWO STREETS crowded with shoppers."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Increased cost of living and war taxation has compelled some regular contributors to reduce their donations to our Fund.

But every week we are receiving a large number of appeals from families whom we try to assist.

Here are some typical cases which we have helped recently:

Ex-Serviceman suffering from foot trouble, gunshot wounds, and chronic bronchitis after being gassed. Three children under ten.

Ex-Serviceman. Deaf and helpless invalid for past seven years. Home damaged in air raid. Wife a nervous wreck.

Widow of soldier, aged fifty-five. Suffers from chronic bronchial asthma. Two children of school age. Son a prisoner-of-war.

Wife of soldier in last war. He died after a very long illness—nursed at home. Widow in debt and too ill to work.

Man discharged unfit from Army in 1942. In hospital three months. Accident at work—further period in hospital. Started work and met with another accident. Six children under fifteen.

Ex-Serviceman—paralysed. Age forty-three—been unable to work for years. Income £1 a week.

Such cases as these are helped every week from our General Fund.

Money is urgently needed. JOHN BULL asks readers to assist by sending donations, however small. They should be marked "G.F." and posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund.* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of donations are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1392

1st PRIZE £50 and RADIO.

D. P. Ryan, 64, Splott Road, Cardiff, for this "Bullet":—

LESSON FOR POSTERITY
OUR FAULTS—AND FAITH.

£10 and Radio: Leading Aircraftman J. N. Walker, R.A.F., Somewhere-in-Britain. **Wasted Years—Then "Saved Day," Britain.**

£5: J. B. ORR, 1, Jubilee Tce., Maryport, Cumb. **Fine Words—Rescuer Muttered, "Oh, Shucks!"**

£4: W. E. Hawes, Plummer's Hill, Wells, Norfolk. **Triumphal Progress—But Russian Homes. "Torches."**

£3: Miss M. Perry, 128, Alwyn St., Liverpool. **Falling Leaves—And Allies. "Covering Ground."**

£2: Miss D. Nolan, 17, Whitehorse St., Hereford. **Sub In Harbour—Grandma, Before Devin's "Brainstorm"!**

£50 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 PRIZES OF 30s.:

C. J. Hemingway, 13, Spitalfield Cres., Invershelthing.
On The Radio—Piano, Mantelpiece. *Scene*—**Mein-law!**
Cpl. Morris, A. R., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Dad's Got Toothache, So—Doing "Jitterbug"—Dentist, Ja-Jitus!
A. Neal, 80, Belvedere Rd., Bexley Heath.
Hitler's Last Ditch—Europe "Drained" To Defend.
C. Tomkin, 2, The Woodlands, London Road, Withdean, Brighton.
Girl In Whitehall—Telling Boo? Boiling Tea!
Miss Wareham, 289, Mill St., Liverpool.
The Master Touch—Gone—"Landscape" Worries Hitler.
E. Williams, 10, Talbot Rd., Old Trafford, Manchester.
Dad's Got Toothache, So—Bites Little—Barks Lot!

A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 100 2-in-1 prizes can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

4 BIG CHEQUES
WON IN XWORD 344

WINNING WORDS: 1, Toots. 2, Batter. 3, To. 4, Lark. 5, Carter. 6, Bude. 7, Cambers or Campers. 8, Act. 9, Dump or Sump. 10, Cool. 11, Palm. 12, Reins. 13, Grant. 14, Dibs.

£100 SHARERS: I. A. Allen, 34, Atkinson St., Gorton, Manchester; W. G. Ireland, 35, Alwin Ave., Kenton, Harrow; Pte. G. E. Johnson, Somewhere-in-Britain; A Mom, 93, St. Mary's St., Preston, Lancs.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 55 entrants.

£25 BONUS WON OUTRIGHT: Pte. G. E. Johnson won a prize in both Contests, No. 347 and 344, thus qualifying for additional £25 Cash Bonus.

Vital Factory Put Out Of Action

THE machine shop of a plant working on urgent Government contracts was gutted, 450 auto-lathes were destroyed, and vital production was held up for months as the result of a knock-out blow, scored not by a bomb but a cigarette end—just one of the 1,000 accidental fires that are helping the enemy every day. Everybody should make it a rule never to throw away a match or a cigarette end until they are certain it's out—really out.

You can't be too careful!

Issued by the Fire Offices' Committee as part of a National Campaign supported by Government Departments concerned.

THE SPEAKER BOWED.
HE TOLD THE CROWD
THE WELCOME
WAS DELIGHTFUL.
A VOICE THEN CRIED
'USE EASY, MATE,
THAT CHIN OF YOURS
LOOKS FRIGHTFUL'

USE **EASY**
SHAVING STICK
Over 100 shaves in every stick!
7½D.
ENCLOSES PURCHASE TAX.

S 388-757 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

NEW! QUICK! EASY! AMUSING!

INTRODUCING Laugh-Lines—the only All-smiles Contest. A real war-time tonic, offering £50 cash for a few minutes' fun!

After enjoying the amusing "Bullets" below, read the simple Instructions on your coupon. And remember—although coupon provides for up to six attempts, just one 2d. entry column can bring you that £50 cheque.

£50 CASH 1st PRIZE
HUNDREDS of other AWARDS for 1st & 2nd RUNNERS-UP!

XWORD FANS Send 1d. Stamp for Gazette containing £100 Xword Offer.

A. Murder—And Robbery, Village Concert.
B. Took His Breath Away—And Band's, Grandpa's Polka!
C. When She Sang—"Parted" Feelingly—Something Went!
D. Plunged Into Darkness—Almost—Solly Dons Bowler!
E. Easy To Understand—Sambo's Headache—Mule's Lame!
F. At The Firemen's Ball—Stamping Out Flames Apparently!
G. When The Landlord Called—Given Seat Underneath Leak!
H. Soft Spot—In Landlady's Bed, Damp!
J. Sonny's Black Eye—Painful Part, *Sister* Responsible!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST "LAUGH LINES" ENTRY COLS. BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £50

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page — or enclose with Bullets entry.

1ST						
2ND						
3RD						
4TH						

FEE 2d PER COL. 1s. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Oct. 23.

P.O. Value..... No.....
Signed.....
Address.....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, OCT. 11.

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RULES 1—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 30, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and families not eligible

MORE CHEQUES and RADIOS FOR BULLETS

1st PRIZE £50 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO!
2nd PRIZE £10 R.I.S. RADIO
£5 £4 £3 £2
6 of 30/- 20 of 10/-
100 2nd PRIZES 1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Jov Wire Day—Friday, Oct. 22.

AT HITLER'S HEADQUARTERS
ON WAR WORK
MAN IN THE RANKS
TOO SOON
THE WRONG PEOPLE
IN THE BEVERIDGE BATTLE
WHAT WE GET
GIRL OF TO-DAY
BRUTE FORCE
WATCHING AND WAITING

BULLETS 1,392 RESULT appears on page 14

NO SURPRISE
AS IT MIGHT BE
WORTH SAVING
NOT A WORD
NAZI MORALE
FATHER'S RATION
GOOD PROPAGANDA
HALF-HEARTEDLY
THICK AND FAST
AUNTIE'S ALSATIAN
NOBODY LOVES HIM, SO

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line, then make your "Bullets" as usual.

TIME WE.....
LUCKILY FOR .....
GLORIOUS .....
WEALTH OF .....
TOO MUCH .....
STRUGGLING TO .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Oct. 23. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No.....
Closing Postmark, Monday, Oct. 11
1,396

Signed .....
Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,316—or "Laugh-Lines!" 138, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

RHEUMATISM

Those aches and pains in limbs and joints—there is nothing like Sloans Liniment to give you lasting relief. Just apply a few drops to the affected muscles—the tingling, comforting warmth of Sloans effectively breaks up all congestion, and limbs can be freely moved without pain. Let Sloans end your rheumatism!

Sold by all Chemists and Stores

SLOANS *Liniment* **KILLS PAIN**

take Fennings LITTLE HEALERS

at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS OR COLDS

and Brighten your outlook

FROM ALL CHEMISTS
6d pkts. 1'3 & 3'- glass tubes

Send 3d in stamps to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.o.W. for copy of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"

Specify REDI-BILT INTERLININGS

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR NEXT SUIT

AND KEEP YOUR SUIT IN BETTER SHAPE

SUFFERERS! TRY BURGESS' LION OINTMENT for CUTS, BURNS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, ECZEMA.

Brings septic matter out, and promotes quick, clean healing. Proved for 96 years. Minor injuries may lead to serious dangers. Keep Lion ointment always handy for emergencies.

FROM CHEMISTS: 1/3 AND 3/- PER BOX (Including Purchase Tax).

INDIGESTION QUICKLY RELIEVED

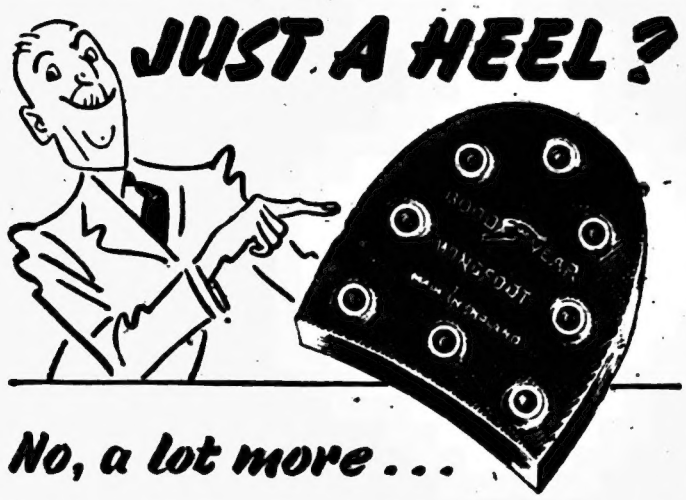
A sufferer writes: . . . "As a last resort, I started taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The results were marvellous. In a very short time I could eat anything I fancied, and hold it down. . . ."

The wide popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of its efficacy in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion, and in safeguarding against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

Price 2/3 and 5/7½d.
Also in Tablet Form 7d., 1/5 and 2/3 (Inc. Tax).

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets are only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

JUST A HEEL?



No, a lot more . . .

There's an expression which says "it ain't what you do — it's the way that you do it." And the manufacture of the best heels these days — now that they *must* be made of *regenerated* rubber — depends very much on "the way that you do it." Think what this means to you, the wearer of the Goodyear Heel. It's not just a heel. It's still a Goodyear heel, made by the world's largest producer of rubber products. It still has the great advantage of being made with the skill which comes only from generations of experience of manufacture . . . the way Goodyear do it, backed up by Goodyear's unequalled resources. As a result, the Goodyear Heel *still* gives you relatively the greatest satisfaction it is possible to obtain from any rubber heel on the market. Give yourself, then, all the comfort and economy which Goodyear Heels have got for you . . . ask your repairer to fit them!

GOODYEAR

Bottlenecks on the road!

Serviceable tyres are to-day a national asset. But they can be ruined by broken glass on the roads. It is up to everybody not to leave anything about likely to damage tyres.

What do I do...?

I put out my milk-bottles in a safe place, where they cannot get knocked over.

If I see a broken bottle in the road, I take the trouble to put the pieces into the gutter before they do any damage.

I feel especially responsible for the stretch of road outside my house, and if I see broken glass I tackle it with a broomf at once.

I explain to my children why I do these things, and encourage them to follow my example.

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

THIS IS THE BRITISH WINE

and this is Warden Thomas deserving it..

Strenuous life, his, at times . . not much relaxation. Glass of wine goes down well . . . does him good too . . . with all the sunshine and richness of the Empire grape juice that's in it. And there's no question of extravagance, either, because V.P.—the highest possible quality British wine—costs, even in these times, only 6/3d a bottle. Not plentiful, of course, but still available.

JB

V.P. RICH RUBY SWEET WHITE BRITISH SHERRY *all at 6/3 per bottle* **WINES**

(POINT BRAND) PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY

BEARDS ROUTED BY PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

Its rich, olive-oil lather gives the double luxury of a smooth shave and a soothed and comforted skin. Softening the beard in one minute, its strong bubbles — which last at least ten minutes — keep bristles erect for the razor.

PRICES: 1/6 & 2/6
Including Tax

JB

Backache

may be due to **SLUGGISH KIDNEYS**

"Every Picture tells a Story"

HELP to keep yourself fit by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills immediately you are distressed by backache, rheumatic twinges, urinary and bladder troubles, gravel, disturbed rest or aching muscles and joints.

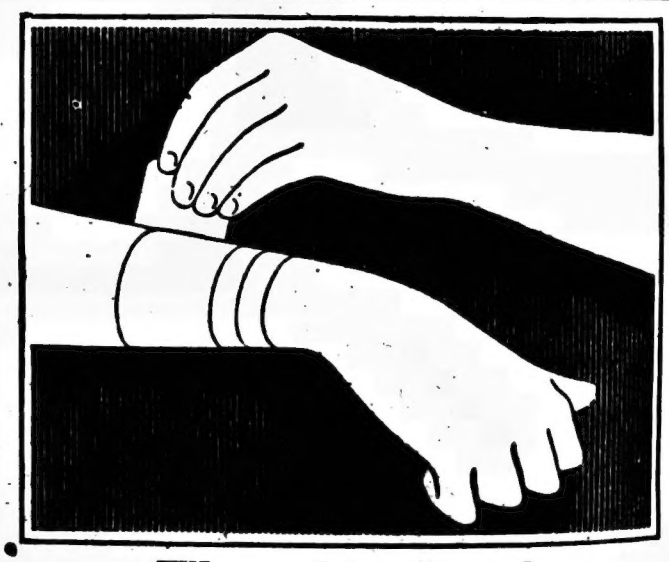
These torments are often caused by excess uric acid and other harmful impurities in the blood. Doan's Pills bring relief in such cases by stimulating the sluggish kidneys; they help to flush out the millions of tiny tubes which comprise nature's filters, so enabling them to filter these impurities away.

JB

Many thousands of grateful people thank Doan's Pills for freedom from backache, lumbago, rheumatic complaints, urinary and bladder disorders.

1/3, 3/6 (inc. tax). *Ask your Chemist for*

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills



When skin disorders are slow to heal

Skin disorders are often slow and difficult to clear up because germs are poisoning the sore place and will not let it heal.

Until these germs have been killed there can be no healing. Dettol Ointment kills germs — it contains 'Dettol'. This new curative germ-killing ointment fights for you; fights to destroy the germs that make sore places slow to heal.

Dettol Ointment not only soothes and calms the inflammation, but sinks deep into the skin tissue to help the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean, new, healthy skin. *From all Chemists 1/5, large size 3/4½, including tax*

DETTOL BRAND **OINTMENT**

HEALING AND ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC

JB

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